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THE NEW REPUBLIC

July 1, 1967, 35 cents

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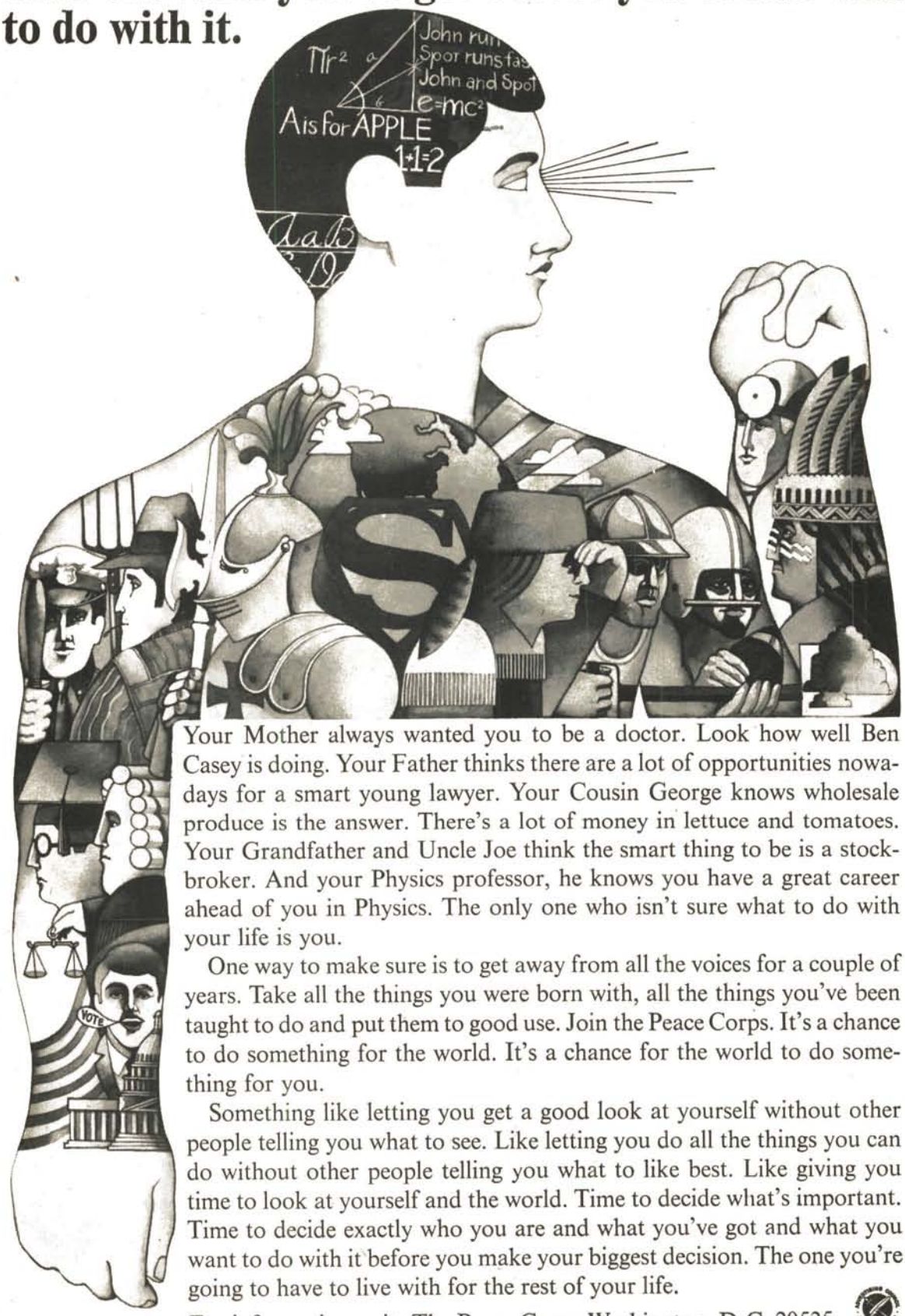

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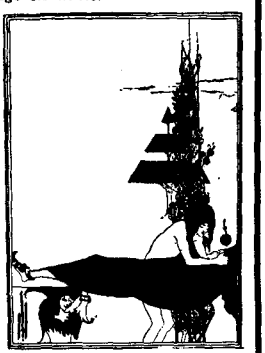

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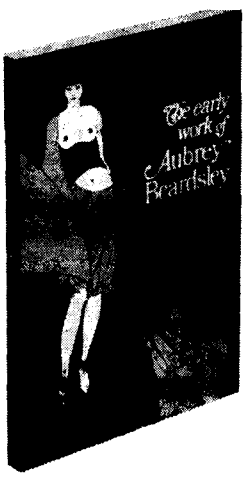

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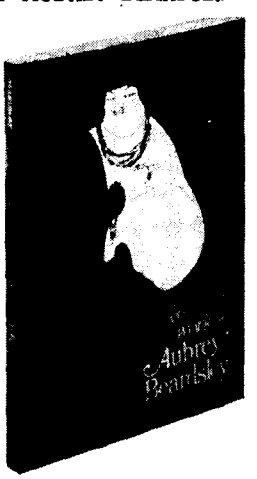

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Dodd and the Flag

★ In the great days of Congress there were debates on foreign affairs that guided presidents and educated the public. Let it not be said that Congress did not keep busy during the Middle Eastern crisis! The House passed, 385-16, a rousing bill making it a crime to mutilate or desecrate the flag. And the Senate debated Mr. Dodd.

With House action protecting our flag we feel that we can sleep nights. It was heart-warming to see what a patriotic bunch our congressmen are. Southerners, particularly, rushed into the breach. Our eyes moistened as Representative Quillen (Tenn.) quoted Oliver Wendell Holmes; we rose and stood at attention as Representative Colmer, Pascagoula, Miss., announced penalties for "whoever casts contempt upon any flag of the US," and we were led from the press gallery sobbing as Claude Pepper (Fla.) recited "The Flag Goes By."

On July 4 everybody goes home and takes a 10-day holiday, and this was an evident warm-up for the speeches they will make. Unfortunately the Senate will probably kill the bill, which appears unconstitutional anyway.

The Senate, meanwhile, debated censuring Senator Dodd. The dreary affair coincided with the UN Assembly's consideration of the censure of Israel. To speak seriously, it was a tawdry, humiliating business. Senator Dodd's self-pitying speeches put one's teeth on edge. His defense by his self-appointed protector, arm-waving Russell Long made one wonder what madness inspired Democrats to pick Long as assistant majority leader.

At one point Dodd invited God to strike him dead if he didn't speak the truth. The venerable Spessard Holland who was right in the line of fire if Divine Vengeance appeared, looked around apprehensively and inched his chair away.

We admit we found little to raise our hearts in Congress last week. As for President Johnson, it seemed to us he did rather well in the crisis. He made a low-keyed speech directed at Kosygin; he delivered it in his subdued, New-Johnson manner and accompanied it (when he remembered) with a conciliatory smile. Above all, he kept his cool.

We keep getting indignant here in Washington about things that never get into the newspapers, and that little, if anything, ever seems to be done about it. Here are samples: A committee of the American Bar Association has just got out an unreadable technical report, "Appellate Review of Sentences," explaining that "it is shocking, to say the least, that the US is the only country in the free world where not only can a single man sentence without explaining why, but where there is no regular channel for review of his work." We confess we hadn't known about this. What does it mean? On puzzling further through the report, we learn that in England "sentence review has been the practice since 1907." But here in the US it is only "realistically available," the study says, in 15 states.

Thirty Days, Fifteen Years

★ Here's what they're driving at: two men received sentences from different judges for cashing bad checks. The amount was about the same. One judge gave defendant 30 days; another judge gave the second defendant 15 years in prison. No reviews available.

The ABA committee calls this "shocking." We think so, too. Will anything be done about it? Probably yes, in another 10 or 20 years. "That some judges are arbitrary and even sadistic in their sentencing," the report quotes, "is notoriously a matter of record." A former Director of Federal Prisons notes: "I know of one judge who continued to sit on the bench and sentence defendants to prison while he was undergoing shock treatments for a mental illness." Again, no way to review.

Or take this second sample. Towns are increasingly farming out their tax-exempt bond privilege to big corporations. It's a cozy arrangement. The town pirates a plant from some other town by sharing its tax loophole. (See "Bond Doggle," *NR*, by Paula Stern, May 6). Here's how it's done. Champ, Mo., with its registered voters, used a tax-exempt bond issue to build a $1.3 million macaroni factory for the American Beauty Macaroni Co. The town could borrow money cheaper than the company because of tax exemption.

In some places the accommodating town steals a business by selling the tax-exempt bonds to the actual company occupying the plant. This enables the fortunate company to enjoy the tax-free status of these bonds.

Who Reports It?

★ Serious? Yes, it's serious. These loophole municipal revenue bonds are expected to hit $1 billion this year. (Only $7 million in 1950.) Biggest single loophole issue so far is $82.5 million with which Middletown, Ohio, got Armco Steel Corporation to come in and settle down.

As we say, you don't see much news of things like this in your local paper. People shrug over them in Washington all the time.

★ *Notes:* NBC's one-hour exposé of Jim Garrison's investigation of the Kennedy assassination was one of the best things we ever saw on TV; what a strange lot of addicts and psychos Garrison has collected. . . . Radio commentator Edward P. Morgan's farewell to his ABC audience after 12½ years was poignant; good luck to him in his new venture with Ford Foundation non-commercial broadcasting. . . . Add NY's Mayor Lindsay to your list of GOP presidential possibilities; he's young, handsome, victory-prone and city-oriented, but he's also liberal, just what GOP conservatives most hate. . . . House Republicans are regularly joining Dixiecrats against urban renewal, rent subsidies and poverty programs; it's the death-wish; 70 percent of Americans live in cities, cities need these programs and the GOP needs the cities.

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China's Bomb

Knowing the Chinese had just exploded a hydrogen bomb, President Johnson spoke hopefully last week of getting an agreement on anti-ballistic missiles with the Russians. Against the Chinese? Six weeks ago, Defense Secretary McNamara thought there was "definitely a possibility" that this country and Russia could agree to build "light" missile defenses against China. If they could, it would be a step made in the dark, and in the wrong direction. They would do better to try to negotiate with China as a nuclear power, for while the Vietnam war now makes talking with China a difficult exercise, even that war can't go on forever. Mr. Johnson said last week, "We maintain our dialogue with the authorities in Peking in preparation for the day when they will be ready to live at peace with the rest of the world."

Nothing can be gained and much lost by this country and the Soviet Union adding even "lightly" to their huge stock of nuclear armor. Former White House staffer J. I. Coffey pointed out in April in *Foreign Affairs* that a missile defense when once begun is as hard to restrain as a pregnancy. The US 1968 budget included $375 million for a first faint sketch of an anti-missile system. If this is expanded into a $3-billion "light" defense against Chinese missiles, as McNamara has conceded is possible, it may mushroom into the full, $40-billion anti-missile system the Joint Chiefs of Staff and some members of Congress are urging. And that might kiss goodbye to the ban on atmospheric tests. Once the US and Russia begin spending vast sums on anti-missile systems, they will be sorely tempted to test them to ensure they really work.

McNamara has said over and over that it is folly for this country and Russia to begin a new arms spiral. But he and the President are under considerable pressure to act, when the Russians seem to be pushing on with an anti-missile system, and the Chinese have lopped about a year off the eight that McNamara once said they needed to build a missile force able to span the Pacific. The Defense Secretary remains resistant to even a "light" missile defense. In May, he granted that it is feasible to design, produce and deploy an anti-missile system to protect the American people "against the type of attack that the Chinese might mount against us in the mid or late 1970s," but he was not saying we should build it. Unfortunately, the reason he then gave for holding back was that the Chinese were still sufficiently far from having a missile force that the US did not yet need to make a decision. There was and is a more persuasive reason. The Chinese

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have proved quicker at the nuclear art than McNamara believed, but they are still deterred from attacking by the American strategic forces, as are the Russians. The grim facts, as McNamara told the House Appropriations Committee in March, are that this country's offensive forces are capable of killing 86-million Russians (35 percent), even after the Russians have anti-missile defenses around all their major cities. *In addition*, "a very small portion" of the US strategic forces could simultaneously wipe out 50-million urban Chinese who would include top politicians, skilled workers and other key people, as well as destroying more than half of China's industry.

It won't happen, because neither Russia nor China is going to invite such destruction by attacking with nuclear weapons. Nor is the US prepared to commit suicide. American casualties from an American *first* strike at Russia would, says McNamara, be 20 million, even if we spent $21.7 billion on anti-missile defense. Soon, the same deterrence and balance of terror will apply to the Chinese and us (and to them and Russia). In those circumstances, for the US and Russia to contemplate a "light" defense aimed not at each other's missiles but at China's might suggest to the Chinese that both countries plan to attack them. It would make far more sense if Washington and Moscow agreed instead on a step or two toward de-escalating the arms race, and worked to get China to join in.

Having proposed in March negotiating with Russia to limit deployment of anti-missile systems, McNamara admitted two months later that "very little progress" had been made. One likely reason is that the Russians think of an anti-missile missile as a purely defensive weapon and therefore as a stabilizing influence. They have been working openly on an anti-missile system for years and may not want to give it up now. Another reason is probably reluctance to accept a freeze condemning them to strategic inferiority to the US on the order of one to three. A Russian-American dialogue to limit anti-missiles has to be part of a bigger arms limitation package to have a chance of success. The things to go for are a cutback in the high levels of strategic strike forces (overkill), and a Russian-American approach to China. As the country with the most strategic striking power, the US could and should take the initiative, instead of tamely following the Soviet Union's illusory anti-missile lead. If nobody talks to China about the Chinese hydrogen bomb, countries like India and Japan are going to seriously reconsider their own nuclear nakedness. Out the window will fly any hope of a non-proliferation treaty. The lost position won't be retrieved by the US and Russia building themselves anti-missile defenses against China, while China's non-nuclear neighbors are left to come in out of the cold as best they can.

Jerusalem

"Very solemnly," British Foreign Secretary George Brown has warned the Israelis not to keep the old city of Jerusalem, which they won in battle, for by so doing they would isolate themselves from world opinion. The world does have a special concern for Jerusalem as the Holy City of Christianity and Judaism, and one of Islam's three chief shrines. That, however, is one reason why world opinion should not take kindly to the city's again being divided, as is Berlin, or to its being placed at the mercy of outside rivalries, as has been so often the case.

Jerusalem has had many rulers and little peace. Since it was first captured by David, a thousand years before Christ, it has been sacked by Egyptians, Philistines, Arabians; ruled by Alexander the Great and then again the Egyptians. The Romans owned it (crushing two Jewish revolts to keep it), and they were followed by the Persians who massacred its inhabitants and burned its churches. Thereafter it was occupied by the Muslim caliph, Omar. Ten centuries after Christ, Christian shrines were destroyed when Jerusalem again came under the caliphs of Egypt who in turn were displaced by the Turks, who in turn were vanquished by the Crusaders, who made way for Syrians and Egyptians.

With the withdrawal of the British after World War II, and following bitter fighting between Arabs and Jews in 1948, a line was drawn through Jerusalem. It is that *de facto* frontier, never negotiated between Israel and Jordan, which the recent fighting has erased. The city is again united and should remain so.

Because Jerusalem has such symbolic significance, however, it would be appropriate to mark that uniqueness by an international presence, a presence that, while not exercising administrative control over Jerusalem, would stand as a guardian of the sacred places and a guarantor of access to the whole city by all peoples.

But Jerusalem's future cannot, as a practical matter, be isolated from the broader question of Israel's acceptance as a sovereign state. With certain of her neighbors Israel dare not even dream at this moment of peaceful coexistence. More than two weeks before fighting broke out, for example, the Syrian Defense Minister said that his army had "its finger on the trigger," demanded that "the battle be expedited," and looked forward to "a disciplinary blow to Israel, which should restore its senses and bring it to its knees, humiliated and terrified. . . ." Israel cannot live in peace with that. But there are degrees of intransigence in the Arab world, and some of Israel's neighbors, perhaps Jordan and Lebanon to begin with, may one day be willing to meet Israelis face to face and negotiate not only the future of Jerusalem but their common future as Middle East nations.

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The Rouse Case

The February 4 issue of this journal carried a story about Charles Rouse, the 22-year-old who was picked up late one night four and a half years ago by the Washington, D. C., police. They were suspicious of a suitcase Rouse was carrying, and on opening it, discovered a loaded pistol and a large quantity of ammunition. Rouse, who had no previous convictions, was charged with possession of a deadly weapon, a misdemeanor carrying a one-year sentence. In Washington, however, if the crime can be shown to be a product of mental illness, a man can be sent for an indefinite period to a mental hospital where he can be treated. That is what happened to Rouse. He was committed to St. Elizabeth's mental hospital where he has spent most of four and a half years locked in maximum security.

In his efforts to get out, Rouse filed several writs of *habeas corpus*, claiming he had recovered his health, and that, moreover, he was not getting adequate treatment. The case has shuttled back and forth through the federal courts in Washington, where there is keen argument over what to do with mentally ill criminals. Last week, for the second time this year, the Rouse case was before the US Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia which heard it *en banc*. The case is important because it illustrates the fears many have that mental hospitals can become prisons.

Rouse's lawyer, Charles Halpern, has produced a transcript of the original trial in Washington's Court of General Sessions which makes the case seem a piece out of Kafka. It suggests that Rouse never intended to plead insanity in defending himself against the charge of possessing a deadly weapon. Apparently it was not until Rouse's mother dismissed her son's court-appointed attorney, Samuel J. Ochipinti, and replaced him with her lawyer, James Laughlin, that there was any serious consideration of sending Rouse to a mental hospital.

The original trial didn't last long, and it was mostly taken up with statements from the arresting officer and a psychiatrist. Toward the end, Rouse testified and declared, "I believe the doctor did say I was able to aid in my own defense and I have not had a chance to talk to Mr. Laughlin [the lawyer his mother retained], consult him since he's been my attorney. I had Mr. Ochipinti [the original court-appointed lawyer], who was doing a fairly good job with me; at least, discussing what he was going to do. I have not talked with Mr. Laughlin or my mother about this case. I have no idea what they were going to do in court or anything else, and I think I would have the right to defend myself, and as it was, so far I haven't been able to say a word."

Laughlin said, "Mr. defendant, do you feel the situation would've been different had you talked with me?"

Rouse said, "Well, I think, in the first place, I had a motion in for illegal search and seizure which I wasn't given a chance to present to the court. I don't know what happened to my other attorney, Mr. Ochipinti. Either my mother or you did something – one of you; I don't know which one of you. But, anyway, as I was picked up, they did not have a warrant for me, search or arrest, which they did, and the gun was in the suitcase, a closed suitcase. The police picked me up. They told me to open the suitcase. This policeman – I had not been doing anything suspicious, anything that would cause him to arrest me. And therefore, I believe this constitutes illegal search and seizure and, also, would require a suppression of the evidence since the evidence obtained was by the manner of an illegal search."

Later, Laughlin addressed the judge: "Your honor, so there would be no dispute in the record and I wouldn't want any criticism to be directed to the United States attorney, I want to say that I took it upon myself to waive any hearing on the motion to suppress because of the circumstances in this case, because of our belief – the belief of the mother and my belief and Mr. Daly's belief [an assistant US attorney] – is that this man needs treatment. So . . . I would want no criticism. The district attorney was willing that that be argued but I saw no purpose to it."

Journalism's Two Faces

Recently a Maryland Negro, in order to find a house in a white neighborhood in Prince Georges County, had to make 69 phone calls, attend 13 meetings, write 10 letters and hire a lawyer. His experience would be deplored by a paper like *The Washington Post*, which champions such liberal notions as open occupancy housing. But the *Post's* admen work a different street. For example, the same day the paper carried on page B3 a sympathetic news story about a Negro who had been refused housing by the Carriage Hill apartments in suburban Maryland, it ran a large ad on page A14 for the Carriage Hill apartments.

Fair Housing is a subject on which *The Washington Post* has been very outspoken. Here is a sampling from last year's editorials:

"The desegregation of the suburbs moves slowly but it moves. The American Friends Service Committee's Washington Housing Program reports that some 500 Negro families have found homes in previously entirely white neighborhoods within the past four years. The number is not very large but the distribution is extremely wide. Negroes now live in the metropolitan area's most attractive sections, and if they are there only in token numbers, it is a very important token.

"The very modest numbers of Negroes in these neighborhoods will serve, at least, to reassure white

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families that desegregation does not mean blockbusting. To the contrary, as desegregation becomes more common, the pressures behind blockbusting will diminish" (The Half-Open Door, July 3).

On May 21 the *Post* also gave its qualified blessing to Labor Secretary Wirtz's policy of listing by race persons referred to jobs by the US Employment Service. "The Labor Department needs racial statistics, [Wirtz] believes, in order to determine where discrimination exists. . . . Under the terms of the Civil Rights Act, the federal government is forbidden to dispense federal money for state projects operated in a racially discriminatory manner. Only by ascertaining that job referrals are made without discrimination can the Labor Department be sure that it is fulfilling its obligations under the law."

On October 3 the *Post* editorialized against candidate George P. Mahoney's stand against open housing in the Maryland gubernatorial campaign.

Here, then, is a newspaper in favor of desegregating suburbs, unimpressed with fears of blockbusting, opposed to politicians who inflame reaction to open housing, and amenable to keeping count of Negroes placed in jobs as a check on discrimination.

Recently, when Ben West, a white man who has a home in Rockville, Md., a suburb of Washington, attempted to place a classified ad in the *Post* to sell his house, to anyone, he bumped up against a different standard. He called the *Post's* classified department and read the proposed ad. Everything was fine until he got to the last line "open occupancy." The phone receptionist stopped him, said he couldn't say that. Well what about "equal opportunity," would that be all right? No it wouldn't, she informed him. Might he say "owner color blind?" No, not that either.

The reason, she explained, is that the newspaper feels that if it took such phrases it would be obliged to take lines reading "No Jews" or "No Colored." In other words the *Post* has an advertising policy of scrupulous impartiality. It makes no distinction between those who would never dream of selling or renting to a Negro and those for whom the race of a potential buyer or tenant is simply irrelevant.

Subsequently, West called the *Post's* classified advertising manager, Joseph Lynch, and got the same story he'd heard from the girl on the phone, plus the added explanation that advertising open occupancy was a tack often taken by unscrupulous realtors who wanted to drive down property values in blockbusting schemes. Lynch didn't want to play into *their* hands.

The Washington Post will take "equal opportunity" advertising placed by employers, largely to accommodate defense contractors who are required by law to state in all advertising for workers "that all qualified applicants will receive consideration for employment without regard to race, creed, color, or national origin." But it draws the line on housing.

Last February, after meeting with representatives of a local group called ACCESS (Action Coordinating Committee to End Segregation in the Suburbs) the *Post's* classified ad manager agreed to begin taking equal opportunity ads but only for those who rent apartment buildings or multiple family houses. "This, of course," he explained in a letter to ACCESS, "does not apply to single family units, two family dwellings, or rooming houses with no more than four rooms."

Classified advertising is a fat source of revenue to most papers. The *Post* last year ran 25,947,952 lines of classifieds at 70 to 95 cents a line. Bill Hobbs, co-chairman of ACCESS, said that in his meetings with the *Post* earlier this year it was suggested that the paper make an effort to ascertain the housing policy of its advertisers, perhaps require them to sign a fair housing pledge before agreeing to take their advertising. Hobbs says *Post* officials "were aghast."

The Washington Post is surely not the only newspaper in this country whose business office is out of touch with editorial policy, although an "open occupancy" ad a reporter attempted to place last week was accepted by *The Washington Star, Washington Daily News* and *Baltimore Sun*, but declined by the *Post*.

"I'm keeping values up."

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Domestic Pacification

We learn from Sargent Shriver that, "it is in summer that the contrast is sharpest between poverty and abundance, mobility and confinement, joy and frustration." Vice President Humphrey tells us that, "if we want this summer to be a cool summer and not a hot one . . . if we want our young people to grow up as decent, constructive citizens and not as embittered, disappointed dwellers of the ghetto. . . ." Yes, if we do, then what? We appropriate an extra $75 million ($28 million for community action, $47 million for the Neighborhood Youth Corps) to supplement the $603 million already appropriated for summer poverty programs. This is not "riot money." The supplementary appropriation is not based, Shriver told a Senate hearing, "on any worry or principal concern with the hot summer." He wants "to be sure that the war on poverty is not looked upon as some sort of a fire brigade operation."

But Senator Jacob Javits of New York noted that the money appropriated last summer for community action in 28 cities did not reach many other cities hit by riots. Javits asked Shriver if he thought that this summer's special appropriation was adequate "from the point of view of where the hot spots are." Shriver replied that he planned to reprogram an additional $20-million out of the general budget, which, added to the other sums available, would, he hoped, "take care of all these places you are talking about." So, there is riot money in OEO after all.

The 1967 community action summer projects represent a continuation of OEO's response to last summer's Chicago riots. A ghetto population rose in rage on the pretext of the fire hydrants being turned off, and the best the OEO could do, given its limited funding and purposes, was to initiate "Project Splash," a 1966 summer swimming program. The new gimmicks are sealed off "play-streets" in New York City or street dances to the music from transistor radios.

Private enterprise, too, is enlisted for the hot weather, mainly through the President's Council on Youth Opportunity. The council is advertising the public spirit of the Kroger grocery chain and of Quaker Oats, which, last summer and this, sponsored a "physical fitness pentathlon" for slum kids in Cincinnati. Given the recent riots in that city, next summer there may be a decathlon sponsored by A&P.

This summer $190 million, including the $47 million special appropriation, is committed to the Neighborhood Youth Corps. Having little other point but to get the kids off the streets, the Corps can't offer much more than jive jobs – picking up paper, sweeping streets and in general preparing Negroes for their future vocations. Designed to treat both youth and employment problems, the Corps is a graphic example of the inadequacy of the poverty program to forestall – directly or indirectly – ghetto riots. That fact is driven home by the assessment task force of the National Crime Commission, which reported last week that in the paradigmatic Watts riot the majority of the rioters were not necessarily either youthful or unemployed: more than half those arrested rioters were over 25; nearly two-thirds of those convicted of charges arising from the riots were employed. The commission concludes that the "Watts riot appears to have been caused by no one set of people or conditions or grievances. It was a manifestation of a deep sense of outrage, outrage at every aspect of the lives Negroes are forced to live, outrage at every element of the white community for forcing (or permitting) Negroes to live such lives."

The OEO cannot cope with this sense of outrage, for it boils up out of slum life, the isolation of the ghetto, the insults and slurs, the hard core unemployment, the coolie status of most of those who get jobs.

But the war on poverty – limited as it is – is not the worst of all possible worlds. That alternative has been conceived by Rep. William Cramer (Fla.) in the form of an anti-riot bill. Viewing the mostly spontaneous riots as, instead, the product of "agitators" and as evidence of a "national conspiracy," Mr. Cramer seems to think that Stokely Carmichael is the Master Monad sparking off myriads of equally evil minor monads.

That is too simple. So is the notion of a summer domestic pacification program, in which recreation, busy-work, and other techniques of mass hypnosis, are expected to keep the Negro cool. A Negro teen-ager in Boston said, after the recent riot: "We want our own place, that's what we want. Some place where we can make the rules."

Business Crime

Tucked away in the ninth and final Task Force Report of the President's National Crime Commission are a few words about business crime. Like the bank robber, business crime takes property away from those entitled to keep it and threatens or injures the physical security of persons. This double parallel is not ordinarily drawn. But the Task Force did not demur. It estimates, for example, that the annual cost to the public of securities frauds is in the $500 million to $1 billion range. Fraudulent practices in the drug, therapeutic device and home repair field are said to drain the consumer from $1 billion to $1.5 billion a year. The report quotes Professor Sanford Kadish: "It is possible to reason convincingly that the harm done to the economic order by violations of many of these regulatory laws is of a magnitude that dwarfs in sig-

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nificance the lower class property offenses."

The harm done to human health and safety by business crime should dispel the distinguishing characteristic of "white-collar crime" as being the absence of physical threat. Food and drug violations, lavish use of pesticides, defective automobiles, professional malpractice, building code violations, to name a few situations, are a much larger hazard to life and limb than crimes of violence on our streets. Other assaults on the human body, such as air and water pollution, are only now being brought under the rule of law.

What, then, is the explanation of the difference between our society's vastly greater preoccupation with street crime than with business crime? Why are there fantastic disparities in the penalties imposed on a car thief as contrasted with a corporate official who knowingly refused to report severe adverse drug effects to the FDA and to physicians, or on an unemployed $50 check forger compared with company executives convicted of conscious and systematic price fixing on a massive scale in violation of the antitrust laws? Law schools simply avoid teaching students about the privileges and immunities granted business crime.

These privileges and immunities have served to split off much business misbehavior from meaningful sanctions. Yet both the Task Force Report and a highly useful memorandum by the antitrust division appended to it stress that criminal sanctions have their greatest deterrent effect in the area of business crime. Statutory maximums for business crime have been trivial (excepting penalties for tax violations). The maximum fine under the Sherman Antitrust Act was recently raised to $50,000. Two weeks ago, the Department of Transportation recommended criminal prosecution of the Greyhound Bus Company for knowing violation of the Motor Carrier Safety Act. The company was accused of employing regrooved, badly worn tires on a bus which skidded off a wet road killing one and seriously injuring others. If convicted on two counts, Greyhound would have to pay no more than a maximum fine of $1,000. There is no imprisonment provision.

Knowing and willful violations of auto and aircraft safety regulations, even if they result in loss of life, incur no criminal penalties under the two statutes. Attorney Lloyd Cutler, representing the Automobile Manufacturers Association, succeeded in having the criminal sanction cut out of the auto safety legislation last year, even for willful violations. The statute provides only for civil fines which scarcely deter large corporations in a concentrated industry.

Mr. Cutler's arguments against criminal penalties reflect the double standard that is rapidly being institutionalized for corporate and individual crime. He stated that a criminal penalty (for such acts as knowingly selling defective cars, adulterating brake fluid, etc.) would be punitive, difficult to enforce because of the difficulty of finding the violator and unnecessary because the auto companies wouldn't violate the law.

Mr. Cutler's assertions point up the need for the law to pinpoint responsibility within the sprawling corporate structures by requiring the corporation to assign responsibility for compliance. This will avoid the common pleadings that top management didn't know about the violation and lower officials were simply following orders. Another suggestion, made by Professor Alan Dershowitz of Harvard Law School, is to impose a duty upon corporate executives, enforceable by criminal sanctions, of displaying reasonable care in preventing "acquisitive crime" under their business control. Finally, Mr. Cutler's stand points to the need for rigorous disclosure requirements and inspection procedures for early exposure of incipient illegal activity, or outrageous practices not yet deemed illegal.

Another difference perpetuating a double standard is that corporate power is continually preempting potential criminal behavior on its part by merging with or controlling government regulatory agencies in a manner that jettisons the existence or applicability of legal sanctions. Here, corporate determination of the definition of criminal behavior is the quest. The *opus magnus* of many a corporate lawyer is his success in making antisocial behavior extralegal. Such a strategy reverses the path of legal history, in Maine's words, from "status to contract" to one of "contract to status."

Scratch the image of any industry and unsavory practices become visible. All was apparently proper with the leaders of the electrical equipment industry until the great decade-long, price-fixing conspiracy was disclosed. A similar situation obtained for six corporations selling hundreds of millions of dollars of pipe over the past 20 years according to rigged bids until the antitrusters caught up with them. But the Justice Department does not have the manpower to cope with the widespread prevalence of price fixing. (The combined annual budgets of the Federal Trade Commission and the antitrust division are under $30 million – less than 15 hours gross revenue of General Motors.) A California highway patrol test of auto safety equipment found over 70 percent failing to meet state standards or the performance of the samples originally submitted (some years prior) to the state for approval by the manufacturers.

In a 1961 survey by the *Harvard Business Review* of its subscribing executives, four out of seven respondents believed that businessmen "would violate a code of ethics whenever they thought they could avoid detection." Detection is a major animus of prevention. But the task force, which took note of this survey, left no guidelines for preventing corporate crime.

RALPH NADER

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WHATEVER RESOLUTION IS PASSED, THE MIDEAST CRISIS WILL GO ON

Waiting for a Compromise

United Nations

Most of the glamorous personalities had left New York by last weekend. Business in the big, half-empty Assembly Hall had settled into a dull routine. The speeches were expected to go on for another week, perhaps more. But the only thing UN professionals are interested in is the kind of a draft resolution that has a chance of getting a two-thirds majority. Neither the American nor the Russian text qualifies.

The US proposal for direct Israel-Arab negotiations is offensive to the Arabs. And the Arabs, their allies from the Soviet bloc, from the Moslem countries and from the "most progressive" of the Afro-Asians, have among them at least 40 votes, which means a "blocking third." The same voting block is, of course, strongly behind the Soviet proposal to brand Israel as an aggressor, demand withdrawal of her troops from all territories conquered, and the payment of compensation.

But the consensus here is that the United States will be able to mobilize enough votes to defeat any sharp censure of Israel. Ambassador Goldberg can find friends in Western Europe, Latin America and elsewhere, including probably quite a few Afro-Asian countries with whom Israel is quite popular since the destruction of Nasser's army (including quite a few Moslem countries, none of whom will admit it publicly). Even France is not expected to vote for the Soviet proposal. French officials explain with a smile that though de Gaulle said Israel started the war, he did not say she was the aggressor.

There is, of course, a possibility that the Soviets will amend their resolution by knocking out the censure of Israel and perhaps payment of reparations, leaving the main stress on troop withdrawal. That they did not do so at the start is seen as an indication that Mr. Kosygin's purpose in coming to New York and calling the urgent, extraordinary session of the General Assembly, was to give the Arabs maximum verbal support, and having them understand that they cannot hope for much more. Such a "moderate" Soviet resolution would have a much better chance of getting a two-thirds majority. A number of countries unwilling to vote for Israeli troop withdrawals would also not vote against it. A very long list of abstainers could tip the balance and get the Soviet proposal through. But the majority of UN professionals still believe an American-led "blocking third" (smaller and less disciplined than the Soviet-Arab "blocking third") could still defeat even this "moderate" anti-Israel resolution.

Thus the real hope that the Assembly will achieve anything at all rested last week on the behind-the-scenes efforts to draft a compromise. Many eyes are turning toward the Rumanians, who recently showed their independence and their realistic appraisal of world events: they participated in the Moscow gathering of communist rulers, but refused to sign the one-sided condemnation of Israel; they did not break diplomatic relations with the Jewish state; while registering their sympathy with the Arab cause, they published a declaration which appealed for direct Israel-Arab negotiations. This could be the base for a new resolution: troop withdrawal made dependent on direct negotiations and on guarantees of free maritime passage through the Gulf of Aqaba and the Suez Canal. The Scandinavians, Italians, many Latin Americans, some Asians and Africans have not hidden their sympathy with such an approach.

But the Russians still say "*nyet*," because, they explain, the Arabs will not agree to anything which doesn't stipulate unconditional troop withdrawal and which does recommend negotiations with Israel. Finally, therefore, the Assembly is likely to limit itself to appointing a kind of UN mediator, whose task would be to make sure the cease-fire doesn't break down; who would take care of the Arab refugees, especially the new ones; and who would keep in touch with governments involved so as not to miss an opportunity in case some of them, deciding they want to recover lost territory or anything else, might be willing to negotiate. But even this modest result could be achieved only if the Soviets decide to loosen a bit their ties with the Arabs. And that decision is not likely to have been deeply affected by the New Jersey Johnson-Kosygin chat.

Whatever the outcome of the present UN session, the Soviets are expected to continue their verbal offensive on behalf of the Arabs, transferring it first to the Security Council, and then, back to the General Assembly's regular session. The Middle East "crisis" will be with us for some years – in the UN, on all other levels of international diplomacy, and last but not least on the banks of the Nile, the Suez Canal, the Gulf of Aqaba and inside certain of the Arab countries.

As the dust of the fighting began to settle, interesting comment could be heard in the UN lobbies, delegate bars and in quiet corners. The Soviet leaders are be-

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wildered. They are like a man who for years has spent a large amount of money to breed, feed and train a horse whom he believed to be a certain winner one Derby day. Then the horse broke his leg. But the owner still claims that he *may* win some day. The Kremlin leaders may not, deep-down, believe that any longer, but what can they do? Is it not terrible enough that tiny Israel disregarded their "most furious warnings"? Who will accept responsibility for the $3 billion or $4 billion spent on Nasser? No doubt, sooner or later, this question will get to the top of the agenda in Moscow. The defeat during the Cuban missile crisis was at least a contributing factor in the downfall of Nikita Khrushchev. But it took two years until accounts were settled.

De Gaulle emerges from the whole affair as the man who at the last moment, with the bell clanging, succeeded in placing a small bet on the horse that came in last. It is not so much the money which worries him (anyhow he had for years been making a handsome profit on the horse that won). But his credentials as the world's wisest horse expert are now somewhat tarnished. He, too, is annoyed that Israel did not heed his advice not to fight. Above all, he is mad at the United States. De Gaulle believes that as the US suffers reverses, France's power and influence increase. For that reason, he doesn't welcome the Soviet debacle in the Middle East, for it represents as well an American victory without an American shot having been fired.

It has been apparent here – in the Assembly Hall and the lobbies last week – that the US is aware of the advantages it has scored in the Middle East, and is determined not to give them up. But at the same time, many delegates and observers who have gathered here could not understand why US diplomacy, which has had an unexpected and costless success in the Middle East, so stubbornly goes on paying such a terribly high price for unattainable aims in Vietnam.

PHILIP BEN

COMING: *a last look at the dreary case of Senator Tom Dodd – by Robert Yoakum*

Tijerina's Republic of San Joaquin del Rio de Chama

Santa Fe, New Mexico

An organization devoted to regaining land granted by the Spanish crown to the ancestors of Spanish-Americans has launched a mini-revolution which has rocked New Mexico. Led by Reies Tijerina ("king tiger"), the 20,000-member Federal Alliance of Land Grants has claimed millions of acres, which embrace the tourist center of Albuquerque, uranium deposits near Los Alamos, and the Kit Carson National Forest. Last summer the group marched from Albuquerque to Santa Fe to dramatize its cause. In October, 600 Spanish-Americans rallied in the National Forest and proclaimed their own city-state, the Republic of San Joaquin del Rio de Chama, with Tijerina as "proctor." Before disbanding the weekend session, they temporarily "arrested" two forest rangers for trespassing, decided to print hunting and fishing licenses for their territory, and laid plans to establish a port of entry for visitors.

Although Governor David F. Cargo, whose Spanish-speaking wife was once an Alliance member, met with its leaders, few officials took the movement seriously until Santa Fe district attorney, Al Sanchez, stepped in. A flag-waving Legionnaire, Sanchez was convinced that the Alliance had stored "machine guns, M-1 rifles, and 15,000 rounds of ammunition" to promote its "communist philosophy," or so he told me. He scotched an Alliance meeting scheduled for June 3 by arresting about a dozen members and confiscating the group's membership list before the conclave could begin. This was more than the Alliance could stomach. Its leaders drew up a warrant for a citizen's arrest of the district attorney, and at 3 p.m. in the afternoon of June 5, about 15 members swooped down on the courthouse in the northern townlet of Tierra Amarilla. Two policemen were wounded and a reporter taken hostage.

At this point Lieutenant Governor F. Lee Francis – Cargo was in Michigan visiting Governor Romney – panicked and began issuing communiques from his "war center." Although the state police felt they could handle the case, the National Guard was activated. It has been denied, but two tanks were sent into the mountainous north. During the manhunt, police entered homes without warrants, jailed suspects for as long as four days without charges, and at one point herded 50 people, most of them women and children, into a dung-filled cowpen where they were held for two days without adequate food, clothing or sanitary facilities. When asked about the possible infringement of individual rights, General Jolly of the National Guard replied: "Let's don't get involved in civil liber-

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ties. None of them has complained." After a five-day search, the police arrested Tijerina. Prisoners shouted "Viva Reies" as he was locked up in the Santa Fe penitentiary, where I spoke with him for an hour and a half – the only interview allowed since he was put behind bars on June 10. He awaits trial on charges which include first degree kidnapping, a capital offense in New Mexico.

Many of his followers believe that the 41-year-old Tijerina has been selected by God to regain the disputed lands, which now belong principally to two absentee owners – the US Forest Service and Anglo (white) ranchers. Born in a Texas cotton field, Tijerina worked as a migrant laborer, picked fruit, and peddled junk before attending an Assembly of God Bible School. He became an itinerant, fundamentalist preacher, until he seized the land issue. Following the publication of a book, *Hallara fe en la tierra?* (Will Faith Be Found on Earth?), and research in the Mexican National Archives, Tijerina and his five brothers set up the Alliance in Albuquerque. Since its founding in 1963, the group, which charges monthly dues of $2 and up, has been recruiting new members, documenting land claims, badgering officials in Washington and Santa Fe, and designing a government-in-exile based on theocratic principles.

Despite Article XII, Section 8 of New Mexico's constitution which stipulates that instructors be "proficient in both the English and Spanish languages," few teachers are bilingual. Spanish, except as a foreign language, is proscribed in most schools. A Spanish-speaking youngster can scarcely keep pace with his "Anglo" classmates. Spanish-Americans drop out of school at three times the rate of "Anglos"; many young men fail the Selective Service exam because of the language barrier. Despite this, Spanish-Americans make up 59 percent of the draftees in New Mexico, though they account for only 30 percent of the state's population.

The average annual income in the depressed northern counties is under $1,100, compared to $2,310 for New Mexico as a whole and $2,940 for the United States. A recent survey of Albuquerque revealed that Spanish-Americans held only 12 of 292 II-S (student) deferments; only six Spanish names appear in the list of 326 physicians in the yellow pages; of 66 bank presidents in the state, only one is a Spanish-American.

The local poverty program, headed by a dashing young priest whom I met, Father Robert Garcia, has been hamstrung by apathy, interagency bickering, lack of funds and staff, and political opposition. The governor recently accused the OEO people in the north of only counting outhouses: "I can tell you how many there are. There are just as many as there are families – one per family, and if they are lucky, they have a two-holer." If the assault on poverty is to be more than a police action, organization of northern Spanish-Americans is essential.

It is tempting to compare the Spanish-American's struggle with the Negro civil rights movement. Both have strong religious overtones; Tijerina is likened to Stokely Carmichael (Tijerina, who urges nonviolence, invited Carmichael to New Mexico this spring, but the SNCC leader was unable to come); the Alliance has given its members a taste of "Spanish-American power." But, the civil rights movement has concrete aims – school desegregation, voting rights, job opportunities, public accommodations. Tijerina speaks of "justice," "faith," "salvation." When he talks of land, he's referring to a new country, not moving into an "Anglo" neighborhood. Tijerina yearns not for integration, but for separation of his "holy race." His followers don't want a "piece of the action" in urbanized, gadget-ridden America; they talk passionately of returning to the pastoral life of their forefathers, and Tijerina curses Western science. Where the civil rights movement is often youthful, few in the Alliance are under 35. Where many Negroes have allied with whites to pursue their goals, Tijerina has not courted liberal "Anglos," who send their youngsters to Mississippi to get "involved." Sociologist Clark S. Knowlton has pointed to a "tortilla curtain" which cordons off the Spanish-speaking community.

Litigation, voter registration, party participation, and candidacies – such methods are alien to Tijerina and his followers. To them the system is a colonial one, which frustrates their land claims, pollutes their culture, oppresses their people. Indians have a special bureau to service their needs. But there is no federal agency which deals with Spanish-Americans, and US Senator Joseph Montoya is considered a *Tio Tomas* (Uncle Tom) by Alliance members. The lawyer and powdered milk symbolize their disdain for the government, for the lawyer defrauded them and every time Spanish-Americans begin acting up, says Tijerina, they're offered powdered milk and eggs.

What happens next? District Attorney Sanchez (a *Tio Tomas*) hopes a long prison term for Tijerina will dampen the unrest. Legal knots will take months to unravel. If Tijerina is convicted and punished, he will become even more of a martyr. The "Anglos" and the federal government seem not to realize that the Alliance is only a symptom. Tijerina is too politically naïve to organize a truly revolutionary movement. The charge that he is a communist is preposterous and, except for the Tierra Amarilla incident, his supporters have spurned violence. But if life for the Spanish-Americans does not improve, new leaders, drawn from Mexico or smaller nativistic organizations such as the Black Hand, could turn the land of enchantment into a battlefield.

GEORGE W. GRAYSON JR.

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Gas and Germ Warfare

The Controversy over Campus Research Contracts

by Seymour Hersh

In "Just a Drop Can Kill: Secret Research on Gas and Germ Warfare" (*NR*, May 6), I named 52 colleges and universities as current recipients of chemical and biological warfare (CBW) contracts, most of them unclassified. The article carefully noted that the campus CBW list was supplied by the Pentagon, but that didn't matter: almost without exception the universities – once queried – denied they were conducting such research.

Dean William S. Stone of the University of Maryland Medical School, named as a recipient of numerous army contracts, told *The Baltimore Sun*, "no research is being done in chemical and biological warfare." All that exists is some work in the infectious disease area, he said. A few days later campus officials told the university newspaper that the research included a $259,000 Pentagon contract to study tularemia, considered a top potential germ warfare agent. In a subsequent letter to two protesting Maryland professors, Dean Stone noted that, "we have no classified projects beyond restricted." (Actually, the university has worked with many other potential BW agents along with tularemia. One recent army CBW contract called for the medical school "to study infectivity and pathogenicity of potential BW agents in experimental animals and subsequently in volunteers.")

Yale University, also named as a CBW research recipient, issued a quick denial that was carried by the *Yale Daily News* (one headline: "Yale Found Clean of War Research"). A few days later officials acknowledged that some basic research into viruses "in the interest of a better understanding of certain diseases" was being funded by Fort Detrick, the army's $90-million germ warfare headquarters, which is located near Frederick, Maryland.

The research includes work on eastern encephalitis, a highly infectious disease that has been the subject of heavy study at Fort Detrick. Dr. Jack R. Henderson, an assistant professor of epidemiology who was handling the CBW contract, eventually told the *New Haven Register* that just because the contract came from the army doesn't mean its results necessarily are used for germ warfare: "The army has other interests besides warfare. . . . Warfare pursuits are not the entire objective at Fort Detrick."

Similar denials were reported to me by dozens of campus newspaper editors who called, wanting to assure themselves that the list, which was supplied by the Pentagon, was accurate.

Campus denials notwithstanding, the Pentagon's list of CBW contracts was correct: a subsequent check brought prompt confirmation, although Pentagon press information officials were still telling callers they had no knowledge of such a list.

Why the academic smokescreen?

Writing on the University of Pennsylvania's travails over CBW in a recent issue of the *New Statesman*, visiting professor Jonathan Rosenhead wondered why officials there took such pains to keep two germ warfare contracts on campus and then gave this answer: "The reason for the administration's persistence must be sought largely in the relationship between the university and the US government. In 1965-66, 29 percent of Penn's income came from contract research; no less than 84 percent of this was received from the federal government." Similar explanations, perhaps, could be made for the other top universities. In testimony made public May 31 by a House appropriations subcommittee, this exchange about university research took place between Lieutenant General A. W. Betts, head of army research, and Representative Joseph P. Addabbo (D, N.Y.):

Betts: What is inherent in the research business is that one does not know what importance the research has at the time it is done probably more often than not. The identification of the ultimate goal is often very tenuous. That is why we support research in the general field designated as military themes so that we have a kind of discipline on ourselves to make sure that any research proposal we support can, in fact, be related to some general military requirement that we can identify. We feel that otherwise we would have no

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SEYMOUR HERSH, *a Washington newspaper reporter, is preparing a book on chemical-bacteriological warfare to be published by Bobbs-Merrill.*

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right to spend the army's money to support that research.

Addabbo: That sounds as though you are saying you are starting to spend money without knowing what the end result will be.

Betts: That is correct. That is the nature of the research process. . . . You may or may not ultimately satisfy some military requirement.

Addabbo: You hope to do so.

Betts: The hope is that it will ultimately pay off in military capability.

Other university denials of *The New Republic* article stressed the defensive nature or non-CBW aspects of campus research. The University of Michigan issued a press release saying it has "no army contracts for development of chemical-biological warfare materials." What it has, the university said, is a $31,000 navy contract "into the use of infrared spectroscopical data of chemical warfare agents. The information would be used to help detect the presence of these chemicals in the atmosphere as a defensive measure."

Defense or Offense

What does defensive research mean?

One Pentagon officer told me, "It doesn't make much sense to plan to use a [CBW] weapon unless you feel you can defend against it." The Defense Department officially tells newsmen that campus research is needed because, "It is essential to know which diseases might be used in this type of warfare and, if they are used, what type of treatment might be most effective and what type of protective or prophylactic measures could be initiated."

But one former germ warfare researcher wrote me this about her work: "When I worked on ways of detecting biological warfare attacks, I blandly told myself the work was 'just like public health'. I would like to remind all those who likewise label research on detection purely defensive, however, that we have no guarantee that this work is aimed at protecting the US civilian population, rather than at field testing the effectiveness of our own germ dispersal techniques. If we are working on weapons for germ warfare then the research on detection is crucial to testing and developing those weapons."

In her CBW series for *Science* magazine, Elinor Langer noted that "some diseases are currently excluded from active consideration as BW agents chiefly because no vaccines against them have yet been developed." CBW research critics ask if the various antidotes and vaccines developed for combat gas and germ warfare weapons would be distributed to the enemy in case the United States felt compelled to initiate their use. Plague has been breaking out more frequently as the war continues to build up in South Vietnam; hundreds of Vietnamese and US troops have been given protective shots, but not the Viet Cong.

The big picture on defensive research recently was provided Congress by the retiring Deputy Secretary of Defense, Cyrus Vance. In testimony released May 10 by the Senate disarmament subcommittee, Vance explained that "in the last few years we have placed increasing emphasis on defensive concepts and matériel. As long as other nations, such as the Soviet Union, maintain large [CBW] programs, we believe we must maintain our defensive and retaliatory capability."

Subcommittee member Sen. Stuart Symington (D, Mo.) carried Vance's approach to its conclusion: "We might get caught short unless we develop in this field, especially if we have made a nuclear treaty . . . it would become important, especially if we have made a meaningful nonproliferation treaty, would it not?" The meaning of this to me is that an effective CBW defense requires an effective CBW offense.

I also received about six calls from university deans and lesser officials, who were sincerely anxious to find out if I knew more than they did about who was doing what on their campus. Arthur Gentile, assistant graduate dean of the University of Massachusetts, seemed relieved to learn that the university's sole CBW contract called for research into the disposal of polluted materials. It didn't seem to be related to germ and gas warfare, he said. Yet even this, on a more toxic level, amounts to one of the Pentagon's most nagging problems, particularly at the Rocky Mountain Arsenal near Denver, the chief production plant for deadly nerve gas. Citizens living near the arsenal have expressed fear that the current method of piping waste products into sealed wells isn't safe enough. The Pentagon is looking for better methods.

Pentagon officials told me that "research to provide answers . . . is necessary to assure the security of our country against surprise attack. In that regard, every university and every citizen has an obligation to contribute. . . . From an educational viewpoint, the type of research conducted is the same as that conducted for industrial, public health and other purposes and provides excellent training for graduate students."

This training could embrace human experimentation with tularemia, as it did for some University of Maryland medical school personnel. In one study reported in a 1966 issue of *Bacteriological Review*, a publication of the American Society of Microbiology, Seventh Day Adventists serving in noncombat army duties as conscientious objectors were exposed to airborne tularemia at Fort Detrick. "All control subjects developed acute tularemia between two and seven days after exposure," the report said, later noting that all eventually recovered. One Pentagon-approved definition of tularemia

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describes it this way: "An acute infectious disease, often bizarre in its manifestations, but usually with the same type of onset. The symptoms begin abruptly with fever, severe headache, sharp chills, nausea, vomiting and extreme prostration; aching pains in the back and extremities and weakness are likely to be present." The acute period lasts about three weeks.

(The use of the Seventh Day Adventists for such experimentation is condoned by the church. "We like to look at ourselves as conscientious cooperators, not conscientious objectors," explained the Rev. William Loveless, pastor of Sligo Adventist Church in Takoma Park, Md. Loveless said the church supplies 40 to 60 volunteers at all times to Fort Detrick. He acknowledged that some have become acutely ill. "I just visited one of my boys at Walter Reed [army hospital in Washington] last night," Loveless told me recently. "He's still very incapacitated from World War II experiments on his liver.")

None of the major scientific societies has taken a stand for or against CBW. At one time, the American Society for Microbiology had a top germ war researcher from Fort Detrick heading its editorial board. And the elite National Academy of Sciences currently is offering "young investigators of unusual ability" $11,000 postgraduate fellowships in fields ranging from aerobiology to virology at Detrick. "The laboratories will provide the necessary supervision, facilities and equipment for the approved program . . ." a brochure tells potential fellows.

The ethical issue over CBW research may be clearer for the medical school professor or student, but the campus PhD, intent on completing basic research with whatever funds available, has had little guidance.

The Moral Issue for Researchers

There have been some attempts. The American Association of University Professors, meeting in Cleveland last month, adopted a resolution urging that "institutions of higher learning inspect with great care the consequences of their research relationships in the area of defense with respect to the autonomy and freedom of academic societies." That statement, however, leaves the back door open for any kind of research.

McGeorge Bundy, during whose years in the White House spending on CBW research and procurement was trebled, set one limit in 1955 when, as dean of faculty at Harvard University, he told Congress that "the essential atmosphere of a university can easily be contaminated, in our view, by classified research contracts. . . . Secrecy affects a professor's relation to his colleagues, and also to his students." Bundy added that "without first-rate work, done in the open and generously supported, all the secret projects in the world will not save us in the long run."

Most campus CBW projects, as the Pentagon points out, are not classified, but for all practical purposes they *are* secret: few seem to be able to find out much about them, not even deans or campus editors.

How many students at Harvard in the early 1960's know about the university's contract with the Army Chemical Corps for "lethal and incapacitating agents research"? The contract called for the researchers "to determine the structure of puffer poison, a highly toxic natural product, as a model for new chemical agents. Once the structure is determined," the Pentagon contract specified, "it is intended to synthesize related compounds to determine whether they can be tailored to meet Chemical Corps requirements for agents."

When the University of Pennsylvania voted May 4 to kick two CBW contracts completely off campus, officials did not question the morality of such work but attributed their concession to "widespread misapprehension" over the university's control of a research center to which the projects at one time seemed headed.

Campus protests over CBW have had little effect, according to the Pentagon. During the above-mentioned House appropriations subcommittee hearings, Gen. Betts was asked if the academic criticism had hindered his research. "I know of no impact that they had on our efforts to date, other than harassment," he replied.

Who's to say whether a germ or gas warfare weapon is to be used to defend against attack or initiate attack? Army Field Manual 3-10 indicates the decision ultimately will be made by the White House. The military men claim their role is simply to provide the best possible CBW weapons system – offensive, retaliatory or defensive. Betts told the appropriations subcommittee that Russia is ahead of the United States in the development of a CBW arsenal, although no evidence supporting his claim was made public. Then Betts engaged in this sing-song discussion with Rep. Glenard P. Lipscomb (R, Calif.), which amounts to a classic statement of the CBW view from the Pentagon:

Lipscomb: You are aware of the aggressive effort being made in this country by certain groups and individuals to stop any development or working on any development of chemical or biological warfare items?

Betts: Yes, I am.

Lipscomb: It is in our national interest to aggressively pursue this matter, I would assume, is it not?

Betts: I agree. It certainly is.

Lipscomb: It is in our national interest because the Soviets have made such an aggressive attempt to get this type of matériel and weapons. If it is on the public record that the Soviets are doing it, the people might realize better why we have to pursue research and development in this very sensitive and controversial area.

Betts: I agree with what you are saying.

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The Selective C.O.

by Jeff Greenfield

For thousands of young Americans, the government's call to arms – an inherent power of the state – cannot be obeyed. Some draw the line at service in Vietnam; others will not be a part of the armed forces while the United States prosecutes that war. Their refusal is more than the basis for a nice debate on ethics and conscience; it has stark legal implications. As objectors to *this* war, and not to "war in any form," they do not meet the statutory definition of a conscientious objector. They have no legal right to refuse either induction or combat status in the military.

To some, the plight of the selective objector causes little concern. We cannot allow everyone to pick and choose the wars in which he will serve, it is argued. If the government were to grant exemption to selective military objectors, why not to those who have scruples about paying taxes for public housing, or who "conscientiously" oppose civil rights legislation?

As it now stands, Section 6(j) of the 1948 Universal Military Training Act exempts from military service anyone who, "by religious training and belief, is conscientiously opposed to participation in war in any form." Most controversy over CO status, as the conviction of Cassius Clay illustrates, has centered around the "religious training and belief" requirement.

Many civil libertarians argued that the requirement was an invalid establishment of religion, since Congress had defined it to mean belief "in relation to a Supreme Being involving duties superior to those arising from any human relation, but [not including] essentially political, sociological or philosophical views or a merely personal moral code." The Supreme Court ducked a constitutional challenge in 1965, holding in *United States* v *Seeger* that Congress didn't mean to require belief in God as a condition of being a conscientious objector. Congress, said the Court, meant to determine "whether a given belief that is sincere and meaningful occupies a place in the life of its possessor parallel to that filled by the orthodox belief in God." Even as thus stretched by the Court, however, the law does not embrace avowed atheists or rationalists who are still pacifists.

The significance of the religious test is the light it throws on why *selective* objection is so resisted. A person religiously opposed to *all* wars is in no sense a political threat to the state. He is somehow "above" politics, answering what he believes is the command of God or an equivalent mystical force. In accommodating him (and both Congress and the courts have stressed that exemption is purely a matter of legislative grace), the state recognizes this "other worldly" quality. To be accepted as a CO, Congress has made clear, you must not base your plea on mundane considerations of this world.

But the selective objector is more often than not inherently *political*. He may be a Marxist who will fight only in wars of national liberation, or an economist whose cost-benefit approach convinces him that a certain war is inefficient, or a democratic absolutist who will not fight for unrepresentative regimes. Or he may object to *this* war but not *that* war because he accepts the "just war" theory identified with St. Augustine, under which a war can be supported by Christians only if it meets certain standards: It must be declared by legitimate authority, waged to avenge injustice, fought with maximum effort to distinguish fighters from civilians, and must be a last resort after peaceful means have failed. Obviously, any application of the "just war" theory requires political and social judgments. Is the war in Vietnam to avenge injustice? Are we making the effort required to distinguish between civilians and soldiers? Do you believe the Congress is constitutionally obligated to declare war in a case like Vietnam?

Generally speaking, this is the key distinction between the total and selective objector. The former rests his case on no political objection to an act of the state; a kind of resistance is carved out which the government can afford to honor with no embarrassment; indeed the government may feel ennobled by the concession it makes to the conscience of a relatively few. The selective objector, on the contrary, is making a statement of political opposition, even when he bases his dissent on something like Augustinian theory. The roots may be buried in religious tradition, but the application depends on whether you accept Alsop or Lippmann, Douglas Pike or Donald Duncan, Dean Rusk or William Fulbright. The selective objector is arguing that it is wrong to kill men in battle for *this* cause at *this* time under *this* condition. In sum, he is

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one of us: a participant in political debate who now raises the claim of conscience to avoid honoring the will of the majority.

This is not the end of the inquiry, for it avoids the ultimately persuasive, practical arguments for accommodating the selective objector. First, we should understand what conscientious objection means. It does *not* mean evading an obligation to one's country. Even total pacifists do not gain CO status if they are "noncooperators." They must register with their draft boards and serve for the requisite two years, either as noncombatants (most typically in the Medical Corps), or in alternative civilian service. Usually this is discharged by hospital work, or by menial service for charitable organizations. Wage rates, according to Selective Service, are lower than that of a private. To grant CO status does not give the objector freedom from obligation; it changes the service he renders.

Second, the question the state should concern itself with is the *sincerity* of the objection from conscience, not the wisdom of it. The law today does not accommodate the pacifist because he is objectively right, or because his religious teachings are universally accepted. Rather, it recognizes the powerful claim of "sincere and meaningful" belief, the claim of objectors that their consciences – shaped by *their* interpretation of religious teaching – will not let them participate in war.

Now, whether they are right or wrong, the vast majority of Vietnam objectors are impelled by conscience, not by personal convenience. (Those who worked in civil rights drives in Mississippi or the Peace Corps cannot be accused of cowardice or sloth.) These dissenters, Steve Rockefeller recently said at a commencement address at Marymount College, "are not afraid to fight, but they are afraid to betray their consciences and unwilling to abandon their intelligence." Or, as John Swomley Jr. of the St. Paul School of Theology puts it, "the concept of a just war is a theological formulation based on moral judgments about war which can be as readily acceptable to nonbelievers in God as to believers." Indeed, much of the "new politics," in which churches are taking an increasingly active role, stems from exactly this concept that morals and politics *do* mix. (At Cassius Clay's trial, the prosecutor said the Muslim religion was "as much political as it is religious.")

A man may believe in using force to defend himself or his nation if it is attacked. Yet he may not accept the domino rhetoric by which each ideological clash in Asia or Latin America or Africa is said to represent a threat to US security. In the judgment of many men, religious and atheist alike, the war in Vietnam in no way justifies the massive destructive power we have committed there. That judgment is political, but does that make it any the less "sincere and meaningful"? There is, moreover, something special about the call of conscience when the demand of the state is to help kill other men. I may object to tax money being spent on supersonic airplanes or moonshots or poverty programs. In such cases, however, democratic theory demands that, having lost the fight in the decision-making forum, the majority must prevail and I must go along. The selective objector, though, is on very different footing. Here the majority calls on him to help kill for a cause he believes to be wrong or worthless. If the choice before society is to put the objector in jail or put him to work elsewhere in the national interest, why should the objector not prevail? The stakes of conscience are the highest imaginable; the demand of the state as grim as a command to join a firing squad. Recognizing selective objection in this limited field helps avoid the "slippery slope" of exempting everybody from laws they don't like. By requiring objectors to serve in other, vitally needed, equally burdensome service when the question is literally one of life and death, we impose substantial barriers to those who claim freedom from other laws.

But what of national survival? What if half of all draft-eligible men refused to fight? First, if full mobilization were needed, accommodation could cease – by dropping conscientious objection, Congress would presumably propel many objectors into the military. Second, if a nation's survival were at stake, the number of CO's would almost certainly be small. Britain retained a generous CO policy during World War II, and in the United States there were about 65,000 claims for CO status out of 2.8 million registrants.

Finally, if massive numbers of draftees filed selective objector claims in a war like the one in Vietnam, it might well provide a healthy check. Perhaps there is no anomaly in Congress, whose average member is well over 60, voting and speaking for a war whose average soldier is under 21. But if a war were so unpopular that a huge number of soldiers demanded alternative service, might that suggest that we should not be fighting it?

I want to make it clear that conscientious selective objection would of necessity include those who are ideological sympathizers with our foe; it would include those who strongly disagree for reasons rooted in tactics, economics, politics, philosophy or religion; it would in sum include all who claim a refusal to fight on grounds other than personal inconvenience (by virtually accepting such claims at face value, the administrative burden on the Selective Service department would not be great). The demanding character of alternative service (which could be rendered longer, or more burdensome), the social pressure to conform, and the history of citizen support for all our wars, no matter how dubious, make a rush for CO status unlikely.

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THE LIFE OF STALIN'S DAUGHTER

Joseph Stalin and death are the two principal characters in the personal drama of Svetlana Alliluyeva. There was the death of her mother when she was seven; the death of her father in 1953 when she was 28, the mother of two children and twice divorced. There was the death of her half-brother, Jacob, for which she holds her father at least partly responsible; the death of her younger brother, Vassily, in 1962, and the deaths of her closest relatives – uncles, aunts, cousins – during the period of Stalin's bloody purges from 1931 to 1941. Then, finally, there was the death of the man she regarded as her husband, Brizhesh Singh, who died in Moscow in October 1966. The other constant influence was, of course, her father's. Directly or indirectly, he had a hand in all of those deaths, in all the tragedies that had shaken her life. Her account of her own life with "Papa" brings to light facts that were unknown even in Moscow, let alone in the West. She was at once a witness and a victim. No one knows what she will say about these events in her memoirs that are to be published in the fall. Since her flight from Moscow, her stay in India, Rome, and Switzerland and her arrival in the United States, some of the dramatic experiences that left their imprint on Svetlana Alliluyeva (she now uses her mother's name) have been learned. From private but reliable sources, Michel Gordey, a correspondent for France-Soir *and a specialist on Soviet affairs, has gathered the following information from reports made by Stalin's daughter.*

SVETLANA

by Michel Gordey

The tragedy began in 1932, when Svetlana was seven. She awoke in her room in the modest quarters occupied by Joseph Stalin and his family. Her governess was sobbing. The other servants did not dare speak to the child. At last, she was told that *mamotchka* had died the night before of appendicitis. Nadezhda Sergeyevna Alliluyeva-Stalina, who had lovingly cared for Svetlana and her younger brother, "Vasia," was gone. On that morning and in the days that followed, Joseph Stalin barely spoke to his three children – Jacob, the eldest born of a first marriage, Svetlana and Vassily, the children of his second wife Nadezhda.

Nadezhda, or Nadia, was the beautiful, intelligent daughter of an old bolshevik, Sergey Alliluyev, who had worked in the underground Communist Party before 1917. Lenin had hidden in his apartment a few months before the October revolution, and Nadia later became one of Lenin's secretaries.

As rumors in Moscow had it, the reason Stalin was so shaken by his wife's sudden death was because she had committed suicide after a dreadful scene with her husband in Marshal Voroshilov's *dacha*. It was said in 1932 and is to this day that she had had a violent argument with Stalin in the presence of top Kremlin officials, had bitterly reproached him for the countless deaths and deportations of intellectuals, workers, peasants and party members that were at the time sweeping Russia. "It has to stop, our country and our people can stand it no longer," she is said to have shouted to Stalin.

In a fury, Stalin cursed her and shouted obscenities, as the story goes: "It's none of your business, mind your own business, shut up. . . ." Nadezhda left, slamming the door, and when Stalin got home late that night he found her dead. She had shot herself. This, at any rate, is the whispered version that has been circulating in Moscow. Even today many well-informed people believe that Stalin and his wife quarrelled and that he killed her, or else that one of them grabbed a revolver which went off during the fight, in which case her death was "accidental."

In any event, Svetlana learned the truth about her

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mother's death only much later. She is sure that Stalin knew the truth, but that he believed that Nadia had ended her life at the instigation of one or several of his enemies in order to "punish" him for his crimes.

Svetlana, who confirms the suicide version (and discards rumors of her mother's assassination by Stalin), quite distinctly remembers that on the morning of the funeral her father went down into the courtyard where the coffin had just been placed on the van. Without a word, he turned away from the coffin. He did not go to the Novodevichy cemetery where family and friends had gathered for the burial. During the next 20 years, according to his daughter, he never visited the grave.

Purge of the Household

The immediate consequence of her mother's death was a "purge" of the broken household in Stalin's private quarters at the Kremlin. All the servants she had known since early childhood vanished one after another, after having been questioned by the secret police. Within a few days or weeks all the familiar faces were erased from her life. Only her governess, her *nyanya*, stayed with her.

Obsessed with the idea of a plot, Stalin would also have liked to get rid of the *nyanya*, but the child cried, stood up to her father, and won out. Her *nyanya* filled her mother's place, remaining with her for 24 years. She may have helped Svetlana bring up her own children. Svetlana's decision to be baptized in a Russian Orthodox Church in 1962 may have been a kind of posthumous tribute to the old woman.

At her press conference in New York on April 28, Svetlana said: "The fact that I was baptized does not mean that I prefer that Church to any other. I simply followed tradition by adopting the religion that had been that of my parents and forebears." (Her father and mother were atheists, at least at the time of her birth.) But perhaps the old governess, like so many women of her generation, had tried to initiate Svetlana into the Russian Christian Orthodox faith. She may have secretly taken her to religious services.

All the servants in the Kremlin apartment (except for the *nyanya*) were replaced by agents of the NKVD, Stalin's omnipotent secret police. These "servants" watched over the child and her younger brother, reporting everything they said and did to *popka*.

Stalin had also decided to get rid of all the objects that reminded him of his dead wife. The child's furniture, chosen by her mother, was taken away and replaced by modern armchairs and tables, even a new bed. All the gifts from her mother, the toys and knicknacks, were removed. At regular intervals, the secret police made an inventory of all the new objects and toys in her room. The list was then handed to Stalin. Svetlana had nothing left but the memory of an affectionate mother whose discipline was tempered by intelligence and tenderness.

After his wife's death, Stalin spent his nights in a *dacha* guarded by the secret police 30 miles or so from Moscow. He worked increasingly late and would drop into the apartment where his children lived almost every evening. He would give some general directions about their upbringing, then he was driven at high speed to his *dacha* with the car window shades drawn, leaving his daughter and son under the care of the *nyanya* and the NKVD.

While her mother was alive, Svetlana had spent cheerful, carefree days in her grandparents' country house, and this made the upheaval even more painful. Until the early thirties, the Alliluyevs had been a united, happy family. But now Stalin had thrown himself into a struggle for absolute power. The purges had begun, and the Alliluyev family had its share of grief, as did all other Russian families. One of Svetlana's uncles committed suicide. Others in the family were arrested and deported to Siberia. Her mother's favorite brother, Pavel, the uncle that Svetlana, too, loved more than the others, died of a heart attack. Although they were all party members and "faithful communists," they were swept away in the flood of Stalin's "elimination of the enemies" (those he regarded as enemies).

At first the Alliluyev grandparents, who had known Stalin since his youth (before his marriage to Nadia), had not understood their son-in-law's role in these tragedies. Before his wife's death, Stalin had shown them affection; they had considered him a good husband. Stalin and his family led a life of Spartan frugality, and great respect was shown the "old ones." But when, two years after Nadezhda's death, he ordered the most terrible of the purges, he no longer wanted to see her parents. He turned down all requests for pardon or commutation of sentences they tried to make personally at the Kremlin.

Thus, Svetlana saw the happy world of her grandparents crumble, saw their hearts broken. But she could not then perceive that her own father was the cause of the miseries that surrounded her.

Between the ages of seven and nine, Svetlana met in the Alliluyev household the most powerful rulers of the Soviet Union, Stalin's chief associates and comrades. The man then regarded as Stalin's heir presumptive, 48-year-old Sergey Kirov, was a frequent visitor. Svetlana accuses the Soviet secret police of having assassinated him in Leningrad in 1934. To this day, the murder remains one of the deep mysteries of Russian contemporary history. Many Russians (including Nikita Khrushchev, apparently) believe that his assassination was organized with the approval of Stalin.

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In any event, the murder signaled a second wave of purges, that decimated the ranks of the oldest, most respected party leaders and killed off the large majority of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. It was the first act of the dreadful drama of the Moscow trials, into which Stalin dragged almost all of his old comrades, forcing them to confess to fabricated crimes so that they could be shot or deported to the Siberian death camps.

Svetlana also mentions one of her father's companions, Sergo Ordzhonikidze, one of the most dynamic leaders of the period. He too was a Georgian. He and Stalin had known each other since their youth. Ordzhonikidze has recently been rehabilitated by the Moscow press, although nothing has been said of the circumstances of his death. Svetlana believes that Sergo Ordzhonikidze, like her mother, committed suicide – before he was to be arrested.

Although she does not say that she is fully aware of her father's personal guilt, Svetlana has shed some light on the psychological causes of his actions. He always believed that if he was to retain his power he could trust only those of his Kremlin companions who agreed with him on all points and who obeyed his orders without the slightest reservation. If they wavered or were even slightly critical, he felt compelled to "liquidate" them. A man was for him or against him; there was no middle way. And when Stalin believed (often mistakenly) that the man was "against him," he never trusted him again. Then the secret police received the order to fabricate a false accusation and to arrange for the victim's disappearance.

For instance, Stalin probably believed to the last in a permanent plot against him. From 1932 (when Nadia died) until 1953, he was convinced that a person or group had turned Nadezhda against him and pushed her to commit suicide. One of the few times he spoke to Svetlana in complete candor about his wife's death, a year or two before his own death, Stalin asked who in her opinion was responsible. By then, Svetlana knew that her mother had not died of appendicitis. How she learned the truth, how her relationship with her father changed is the story of her life as a grown woman. But between 1932 and 1935, she remembers his fondness for her; this has so colored her memories that she cannot even now judge him in other, more serious areas than family life. She recalls how affectionate he was, how he would take her in his arms and hug and kiss her. She told friends in Moscow that he had been a "good father" to her when she was little.

Around 1935, Stalin began to draw away from his youngest children, Svetlana and Vassily. Svetlana seems to believe that he was "disappointed in her" and feels responsible for their "estrangement." She did not stop loving him, although the gulf between them was widening. Did she understand at the time, does she now, that Stalin was incapable of loving even his own children? Or perhaps "state affairs" were giving him enough worries, without his children to think about. At any rate, between 1935 and 1941 – during the most bloody and terrible purges and the growing threat of Nazi aggression – he increasingly neglected them.

Svetlana still believes that the evil spirit who "changed her father" was Lavrenty Beria, chief of the secret police, whose nefarious influence over the dictator has often been mentioned by Soviet leaders. For instance, when Khrushchev went to Belgrade in 1955 to arrange a reconciliation with Marshal Tito and apologize for the break between the two countries, he also apologized for the flood of abuse the Kremlin propaganda services had heaped on communist Yugoslavia and its chief of state since 1948. Stalin had provoked the break, but the man responsible, said Khrushchev, had been Beria (who was shot in 1953, four months after the dictator's death). Svetlana also accuses Beria of crimes perpetrated by her father.

The Truth about Her Mother's Death

The real storm between father and daughter broke in 1942, a year after the German attack on Russia. Svetlana was then 17. Protected, almost cut off as she was from the world outside the Kremlin walls, she then still believed her mother had died of appendicitis. Suddenly, one day she came upon an article in an American magazine alleging that her mother had committed suicide or had been killed by her father. In Moscow, at the time, few people had access to Western publications. Stalin, of course, was one of the few who had. Svetlana had already begun to study English and understood it fairly well.

The article came as a thunderbolt. She questioned her *nyanya*, perhaps also her father. She began to search the past in earnest to find out everything she could about her mother. For years, she worked at getting hold of her mother's personal letters, and found them. She was determined to clear up the mystery, to understand the true causes of the suicide. Assuredly, her father did not help her in this investigation.

A succession of personal tragedies struck Svetlana after this revelation. In that same year, 1942, she fell in love with a brilliant film writer, Alexander Kapler, who was older than she. Svetlana did not try to conceal her love. She telephoned Kapler, managed to meet him outside the Kremlin before or after school. She did not realize that each one of her moves was being watched, that each telephone call was monitored by Stalin's secret police.

Svetlana last saw the young man at a small party she had given for some friends. She had just turned 17.

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That evening Stalin burst into her room, pulled out of his pocket the transcripts of her telephone conversations and the reports of his secret agents. He insulted her, screamed the same obscenities he had shouted to his wife a few hours before her death. A violent scene ensued. Svetlana did not see her father for four months. She did not see Alexander Kapler for 12 years, for Stalin had him arrested. He was not brought to trial but was accused of being "a British spy" and deported to Siberia (despite the fact that Great Britain was then allied to the USSR in the war). The shock to a romantic young girl defies imagination. After having lost her mother at the age of seven, here was her first love destroyed 10 years later. But it was not quite over with Kapler, as it turned out.

Jacob's Disappearance

The blows fell hard and fast. Stalin's eldest son, Jacob Dzhugashvili, was on very bad terms with his father. Stalin despised him, but Svetlana had been very close to *Yasha* during her youth. His father's cruelty prompted Jacob to attempt suicide in the Kremlin. When Stalin was notified, his only comment was: "Imbecile, you muffed even that one!"

Shortly after, the Soviet-German war broke out, and Jacob was mobilized with the rank of lieutenant. During the first German offensives, when Soviet armies had to retreat, Jacob's unit was encircled and he was taken prisoner. In 1943, after their defeat in Stalingrad, the Germans proposed exchanging Jacob for Marshal von Paulus, whom the Russians were holding as a prisoner of war, together with his defeated armies. Stalin replied to the German High Command that his son could not have been captured, and therefore that the proposal was a Nazi hoax. Actually, Stalin knew full well (and so did Svetlana) that Jacob was in German hands. Jacob disappeared forever. Stalin was so angry with his son, whom he accused of cowardice, that he ordered Jacob's young Jewish wife arrested and jailed for two years for "complicity in military desertion." Stalin detested Jews.

On this specific point – Stalin's deliberate abandonment of his son to the Germans – Svetlana told friends that she held her father personally responsible. This is one of the few instances where she has no qualms in taking a stand against him. She must have made her indignation plain to Stalin, especially after he brutally separated her from Alexander Kapler.

At 19, Svetlana married a Russian Jewish student, Gregory Morozov, primarily in order to escape the Kremlin, her own prison. She had just entered Moscow University to study English and English literature. This time, Stalin did not say no. He let her go, though he refused to meet "that Jew," whom he never did see. The couple had a son named Joseph. Now aged 22, and married, he is a medical student in Moscow where his mother last saw him in December 1966.

Svetlana and Morozov were divorced in 1947. (He teaches at Moscow University.) But those three years are important. For the first time, she had escaped her father's grip. She was no longer in the Kremlin. She had her own friends, young students, intellectuals, most of whom are apparently still close to her, after more than two decades. In subsequent years, she was deeply influenced by the secret upheavals in Moscow's intellectual circles. Despite her background and her name, she regarded herself as part of that milieu and began to look at things in the way her friends did.

After divorcing Morozov, Svetlana was again alone. Her relations with her father worsened steadily. She sought human warmth from a family she knew well, the Zhdanovs.

In the Kremlin hierarchy, Yury Zhdanov occupied a dominant position in 1947 and 1948 and was trusted by Stalin. He now was regarded as Stalin's heir presumptive. He was given the job of getting the intellectuals back into line and liquidating the "Leningrad group." (Stalin believed that a spirit of opposition prevailed in that city; the affair remains one of the mysteries of the Stalinist regime and Soviet historians have shed no light on the subject.) Although the head of the family was a man to be feared, the Zhdanovs were a united, gay and quite intelligent group. Svetlana met the son, Yury Jr., at their house and married him in 1949, a few months after his father died at the age of 52. Yury *fils* is the father of her 17-year-old daughter, Katherine. This marriage also ended in divorce.

Then, in 1953, Stalin died. In the last years, he and his daughter saw little of each other. She stubbornly tried to speak to him. Each time she ran up against secretaries, aides, secret police guards. From time to time, her father managed to answer her telephone calls. He would shout harshly "*Zanyat*" (I'm busy) and hang up. The few times she did see him, he appeared disturbed and restless. Sometimes, he tried to start a dialogue, but then would break it off and stuff a few rubles into her hand. He did not realize that owing to the serious inflation prevailing in the Soviet Union, the sums had practically no value. She did not want to take the "gifts," but he forced them on her, not understanding that she could buy nothing worthwhile with the money. By then, Stalin was already cut off from reality and the outside world.

He was increasingly obsessed with plots against him. Toward the end, he was a clinical psychiatric case of paranoia. Of this, Svetlana had ample proof. In December 1952, friends of Svetlana told her that her father was seriously ill and strongly advised her to get in touch with him. She hesitated, then tried several

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times to telephone him but never got through. Stalin was not letting even his attending doctors come near him. In January 1953, it was officially announced that the best medical men in Moscow (his personal physicians) had been arrested in what was called the Doctors' Plot. Trumped-up charges concocted by the secret police purported to prove that these eminent physicians had plotted Yury Zhdanov's "medical assassination" and had tried in the same way to liquidate Soviet marshals. Stalin himself, it was alleged, was their ultimate victim.

As a result of the monstrous frame-up, Stalin, at the time of his final illness, could not be attended by his doctors, most of them Jewish. They were in jail.

Svetlana saw her father the last time on his deathbed. He had lost his speech. His eyes were open, he looked at her but could say nothing. She stayed with him until the end. When she arrived at the *dacha* where Stalin had been living with his host of armed guards, there was Nikita Khrushchev, in tears; there was Bulganin, who later became chairman of the council of ministers, and Malenkov – three of Stalin's closest associates. Svetlana remained with the body until it was removed to be embalmed. Then came the national funeral. To the surprise of many Western observers, tens of thousands of Muscovites – not only their new chiefs – mourned the death of one of the cruelest rulers in Russian history. They too had "lost their father." They did not yet know how much harm that father had inflicted upon millions of them. Svetlana, herself, still seems to be struggling to reach a personal opinion about her father's role in history. But she is not the only one. The questions posed by Khrushchev in 1956 are far from having been fully answered.

Her "Explosive" Decision to Leave

But Svetlana's misfortunes were not over. A year after her father's death, the prisoners and deportees of Stalin who had survived hunger, cold and disease in Siberia began to trickle out. Among them was Alexander Kapler. She had found him again after 12 years. Their relations were no longer platonic, but for him the youthful romance was over. During his deportation, he had met another woman and married her. He wavered for a while between his wife and Svetlana, who even had a talk with Mrs. Kapler. But Alexander decided to stay with his wife. (They later separated, and Kapler married a younger woman he met in Moscow's literary circles.)

Two years after, the adored *nyanya* also died. She had been with Svetlana through all the misfortunes. It was a terrible shock.

After Khrushchev's destalinization speech in 1956, hope arose in that intellectual and university crowd of which Svetlana was a part. (Boris Pasternak whom I met at that time, shared the hope, although he was somewhat skeptical, that a relative relaxation had at last begun. Pasternak was finishing *Doctor Zhivago*, which brought him so much trouble and abuse from the Soviet authorities.) Thaws and freezes, hot and cold waves swept down from the Kremlin summit. And it was then that Svetlana formed an opinion about "certain things" she later termed "intolerable."

She was drawn toward religion and baptized according to the rites in 1962 in a Russian Orthodox Church in Moscow by Father Nikolai, now deceased.

Around 1962, Svetlana had started writing her memoirs, and the manuscript was almost finished in 1964 when she met a communist Hindu prince, a true intellectual, Brizhesh Singh. He was 57, 18 years older than she. He was a translator, as was she. They were employed by the same organization. Singh was intelligent and kind. Svetlana found in him not only a new love, but a "father figure," though the exact opposite of father. She spent two happy years with him and wanted to marry him. Soviet law does not forbid marriages between citizens of the USSR and foreign nationals, but the Kremlin authorities dealt Svetlana another blow. Permission to marry was refused.

Brizhesh Singh fell seriously ill in 1966. He wanted to return home to be treated by Indian physicians. The Russians would not let him out of the country. Like Svetlana, he was a communist and obliged to obey the party's orders. Doubtlessly, his death in October of last year, after the twofold refusal by the Kremlin to let him marry and to leave the country, deepened Svetlana's resentment against the Soviet regime and communism. Yet her "explosive" decision not to return to Russia, after having been allowed to take Singh's ashes to India, had matured slowly. Having lived since childhood under the awful hold of her father, having been stricken successively by the death of people she loved, Svetlana could bear no more. Her younger brother, Vassily, a general in the air force in World War II, had started drinking and living a dissolute life even before his father's death. During destalinization he was demoted and sent to a distant region. He died tragically in 1962, the year Svetlana was baptized in Moscow.

A mother and two brothers lost, two broken marriages, the brief hope of happiness that only lasted two years, then the death of her Indian companion and the awareness of a father who had ruined her life just as he had physically destroyed millions of other lives – that is Svetlana's history. She has come to the West in the hope of finding the inner peace denied her during 41 years in the Soviet Union.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN *Invitation to Greece*

I have received a letter from Mr. David Unger, of the public relations firm Ruder & Finn, which begins: "The National Tourist Organization of Greece wishes to invite you to come to Greece this summer for one week as their guest to see the internationally acclaimed Athens Festival. As public relations counsel to the National Tourist Organization of Greece, it is our pleasure to extend this invitation to you on their behalf." It concludes: "We look forward to hearing from you so that we may make the necessary airplane and hotel arrangements. Many thanks for your interest in Greece and particularly in the Athens Festival."

Some sarcasm, at least, is irresistible, so let us get it out of the way. I could reply that I have indeed been interested in Greece since I was in drama school and that, in preparation for the trip, I am growing a beard and my wife is buying miniskirts. (Even though the bans against both beards and short skirts may be gone by now, the fact that they were instituted at all tells us something about the mentality of the new military government.) I could reply that my bag will be packed with books on the new banned list of the Greek Director of Cultural Relations, who is – inevitably – a colonel. I could stipulate that I would like to meet all the poets and musicians who have been arrested and that I particularly want to see again the film of *Zorba the Greek*, now prohibited because its score was composed by a left-winger.

The sarcasm derives of course from my initial reaction to this letter, which was sheer anger. Anger, first, at this firm for accepting the job. Why should the profession of public relations be devoid of ethics? Has it sunk as low as the law? (A famous American libertarian lawyer accepted one of the vilest Caribbean dictators as his client in that dictator's last days on the ground that – as the lawyer himself told me – even a dictator is entitled to legal representation. The dictator's use of the lawyer's reputation and the matter of money were not mentioned.) Anger, second, at the military government's assumption that culture-as-usual will automatically be separated in everyone's mind from political tyranny. Anger, third, at Mr. Unger's assumption that I (there must be many of these invitations, but I can speak only for myself) can be bought for a free one-week trip. Perhaps every man has his price, but I am not flattered by the low price-tag attached to me.

Then there was anger at those visiting artists who are taking part in this three-month festival. There will of course be Greek performances of ancient plays. (And I will skip the easy game of quoting from those plays against the new regime. It would be as disheartening as quoting from *Fidelio* during the years when it was being performed in Hitler's Austria.) But what of such visitors as Isaac Stern, Eugene Istomin, Leonard Rose, Rosalyn Tureck, the Washington and Los Angeles symphony orchestras? Obviously their contracts were made long before the political coup this spring, but are we to assume that nothing could be done about the situation if they wanted to do something about it?

Perhaps these artists are telling themselves that, now more than ever, the harassed Greek people need music; need contact with the outside world; need assurances of sympathy and brotherhood. Further, these artists can maintain that their boycott of Greece would not liberate that country from its plainly dictatorial government. All these arguments are more or less true. But also, it must be noted, the acceptance of these arguments makes it possible to fulfill the contracts.

Another factor operates with performing artists in situations like this. (The history of the century proves it.) They are able to blind themselves with ostrich completeness to what is happening – even to fellow-artists – outside the theatre, as long as they are permitted to climb the podium or sit at the piano. It is not so highminded a matter as dedication to art or a belief that art is eternal and governments are transitory; it is almost the attitude of the polio patient to his iron lung. So long as they can get on stage, they can breathe – in a world that has its own boundaries. It is not idealism, it is a kind of self-preservation. The piano bench is never in any one real country, it is in a cosmos of its own, and the pianist clings to it until he is literally dragged off because he is Jewish or communist or not communist or whatever. Of course there have been exceptions to this attitude among artists – notably Toscanini and Casals. Is it only some antediluvian priggishness in me that makes me want to call them "honorable exceptions"?

Well, one must be wary of priggishness, especially in matters of this kind. Anger at Mr. Unger (for example) implies righteousness in me; so, knowing myself a bit, I had better climb down from even a medium-height horse. Take simply the matter of visiting countries. I have lived in postwar Italy where, to vary a phrase, one of my good friends was a fascist – not an ex-fascist. I have visited such police states as Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and Yugoslavia and have enjoyed my visits – although I breathed with relief at getting out. I suppose I would visit the Soviet Union, despite that state's continuing crime against Sinyavsky and Daniel (to name only two). So how do I get off berating Mr. Unger?

Possibly for two reasons. First, a demand for consistency is the death of ethics. If only the consistently ethical may take an ethical stand, then goodbye society. The sole bulwark against chaos is the sporadic ethics of the inconsistent. Second is the matter of time. Ethics are related to urgencies; one can get used to almost anything in the course of time. Few people refuse to visit Spain today although it has the same government, despite minor alterations, that made thousands of Americans blanch thirty years ago. It is the thirty years that have pulled the teeth. There is room in each of us for only so much moral indignation at any given

(Continued on page 36)

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Survival of the Jews

by Bruno Bettelheim

The German concentration camps are a terrible *memento mori* whose lessons we forget at our own risk. Therefore I should welcome any book that is likely to renew interest in this most tragic event of our century.

Steiner's book about the extermination center at Treblinka comes to us highly recommended by Simone de Beauvoir who writes in her introduction that this story of mass extermination is one "of pride." But I cannot accept it as sufficient cause for pride that of eight hundred thousand prisoners who passively went to their death at Treblinka, only the very last thousand, and only when their death was imminent, finally tried to break out of this human slaughterhouse. De Gaulle found the book profoundly moving because it "makes clear that men refuse to accept annihilation." But the book tells how millions did exactly that. It has sold over 100,000 copies in France. In this country it is being serialized in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and has been made the selection of some book clubs. So this newest account of the concentration camps should find a wide readership.

Treblinka
by Jean-François Steiner
translated by Helen Weaver
(Simon & Shuster; $5.95)

Unfortunately, it fails to awaken in us that feeling for the horrible potential of a technological mass society which would force on us the reality of the camps. Steiner turns the story of this deepest of horrors into a gripping escape thriller, and for the rest makes us satisfied with all too simplistic explanations of both SS and prisoner behavior. What should evoke deepest anxiety about what can and was done by human beings, what should make us cry a river of tears in compassion, reads like a "thriller." Though millions died, his is a story with a hopeful ending because he focuses on the survival of the Jews as a nation, though the nation he describes was actually murdered in the gas chambers and no longer exists.

The Israeli Jew has nothing in common with the Jews of the ghettos but a name. Israel survives across an ocean exactly because she was conceived and created by a people of a diametrically opposite bent of mind, committed to values in direct contradiction to those of the ghettos and imbued with a spirit forged in conscious opposition to the ghetto way of life. It is this very different nation of Israel, whose existence the reader is at all times aware of, that lulls his critical faculties and permits him to believe Steiner when he turns a tragedy of destruction into a paean of Jewish survival. We are relieved that some got away, of whom only forty survived, instead of being left with the shock that millions were slaughtered.

This Steiner achieves by focusing on those who planned the break, turning all others into stock figures. For example, he speaks of the SS who planned and perpetrated this horror only as "the Technicians." He dehumanizes the mass of prisoners as well by calling them "two legged sticks." In this way all alike are made faceless and our interest and empathy are freed to concentrate on those few described as humans, the few leaders who engineered the ultimate break.

But if the SS and the millions of prisoners who were gassed are just a backdrop for this story of revolt, then only the revolt seems significant. Except their true significance is then exactly reversed: What is all important is that millions permitted themselves to become passive objects of extermination, and that a supposedly civilized nation "processed" millions for death. These are what constitute the importance of the historical event, and not that a few hundred managed to break out, killing an all too small number of guards in the process.

According to Paul Hilberg's authoritative report (*The Destruction of the European Jews*; Quadrangle), "Measured in German casualties, Jewish opposition shrinks into insignificance. The most important engagement was fought in the Warsaw ghetto" from whence nearly four hundred thousand were taken to their death. At the time of the uprising there were only about 70,000 Jews left in the ghetto and their armed strength was 1,500. The total strength of the vastly better-equipped German forces was 2,000 to 3,000. In the end there were "sixteen dead and eighty-five wounded on the German side, including collaborators. In Galicia sporadic resistance resulted in some losses to SS and police. Eight dead, twelve wounded. It is doubtful that the Germans and their collaborators lost more than a few hundred men, dead and wounded, in the course of the destructive process." That is, less than a hundred German dead to over four million Jews dead. That is the true proportion of what happened.

Steiner tries (and in part succeeds, hence the danger) to create the impression that the desperate and all-too-delayed prison break by a few hundred can in some fashion cancel out the behavior of the millions who let themselves be put to death without resistance. It can do so even less because those prisoners who finally revolted had, in order to survive, lent themselves for a year to processing the death of some seven hundred thousand Jews, including in some cases their own wives and children. And they revolted not in time to stop the mass murder but only when they knew that they, too, would be gassed.

Nobody who has not lived through their hell has a right to be critical of the prisoners for trying to save their lives for even a few days by helping in the extermination of thousands. Even before the time of the death

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camps, prisoners in the concentration camps were often in situations where their survival may have cost the lives of others. But of this they felt mortally ashamed. And so did the prisoners Steiner talks about. They were desperately ashamed men, not heroes focused on religious or any other values.

Wherever history involves millions, acts of personal heroism will occur, and it is the storyteller's privilege to single them out to the exclusion of a deeper historical truth which thus may evade the reader. Moreover, nobody can quarrel with the author, a son whose father died in the camps, for trying to cope with his personal tragedy and out of filial piety to extract from it a story of heroism and deepest meaning that will honor his father. But in doing so, and however closely he cleaves to historical details, he distorts the deeper truth of what happened. By so altering the emphasis he turns fact into acceptable fiction that no longer kills our sleep.

It would seem petty to debunk a book's claim to uniqueness. But when the blurb stresses that "by showing how Treblinka *did* revolt it makes unmistakably clear for the first time how it was possible that Auschwitz, Belsen, Dachau did *not*" it falsifies truth. A whole commando of prisoners engaged in the extermination process at Auschwitz did indeed revolt. And this revolt by its twelfth *Sonderkommando* was reported by eyewitnesses, including Olga Lengyel's story of her experiences at Auschwitz (*Five Chimneys;* Ziff-Davis) and Miklos Nyiszli's, in great detail (*Auschwitz;* Fell). But not only did prisoners at Treblinka and Auschwitz revolt, but those at Sobibor, too (*Underground,* Joseph Tenenbaum; Philosophical Library). And other camps which were not extermination camps (I know this for certain of Buchenwald) were prepared to revolt if an extermination policy were to be instituted, at the moment it began. Yet these (and there were others) remain the isolated instance.

Having perhaps studied Treblinka only, Steiner also errs in assuming that its organization was worked out on the spot. The truth is that by that time the camps had a history of ten years and their administrators had a great deal of experience with the setting up and running of concentration camps. Typical was the parallel hierarchy of command, one manned by the SS, the other by prisoners, and including the very specialized work groups, etc.

In every camp, as at Treblinka, there were the early days of its being built up when prisoners were housed most poorly, and when individual mistreatment was at its height. Then, after a year or so, came the time of better barracks, more regular working conditions, Sundays off with sport entertainments. Then too, during afterhours, came a minimal, alway's uneasy and dangerous fraternization with the guards, just as Steiner describes it; the result of having lived and worked together in some fashion over time. The real difference between the older types of camps and the extermination camps which came into being at the time Treblinka was organized was not their structure but their function. The older camps produced for the SS war machine, while the only product of the death camps was corpses.

Steiner also embellishes truth when he writes that Treblinka was destroyed because of the revolt. All three camps on the Bug – Treblinka, Sobibor, and Belzec – were evacuated in the fall of '43. And the same commando that had constructed them was then ordered to destroy them without leaving a trace.

Steiner's account is based on existing testimony, documents and books, gathered mainly by the Polish Board of Inquiry in 1945, and the Yad Vashem in Jerusalem. He interviewed some of the forty survivors of the revolt. Since none of those who played a leading part in the uprising survived it, he had to rely on hearsay as to the prisoners' motives. Hence a large part of the book consists of conversations ascribed to these leaders of the underground resistance. Given the camp situation, such talks required utmost secrecy. No one but the long dead can have heard them, and their silent thought none can have known. Still, their mention can serve legitimate ends. From my camp experience, I can vouchsafe that some of these reported conversations between prisoners are quite true to life. They could not easily have been invented, and must have been reported to Steiner by former inmates. But to them, he adds what can have been only afterthoughts.

For example, many prisoners who might otherwise have given up were sustained also by the wish to be able to tell their story to arouse the world. But the way one talked about it and the way one felt about it was not the way Steiner reports it.

To cite the issue on which he builds his story of Jewish heroism: "He [Galewski] had tried a certain number of arguments before finding the most effective one. The argument of testimony. 'We must live to tell the story,' he explained. 'We are like damned men

On a Photograph of a Soldier Whose Best Friend has just been Killed in Combat. Vietnam

The mind's a jungle on the cutting-room floor,
Footage of images the heart let slip
And abandons to burning, only year after year
To feel and yearn for, like a lopped hand for grip.

Here is one soldier staring away from sight
As the re-wound vision of his actions stare:
In shock, he rolls his eyes back, as the fate
That having killed his friend, declares him war.

The lens wipes over once and lets him fade
Out of sight and focus into a single frame:
Forsaking all others, even the man who died,
He keeps to serial-number, rank, a name.

LOUIS COXE

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who are kept alive by some magic power in the very heart of hell. We must have only one thought; to get out in order to tell the living to warn them. Think of all those who sin inadvertently without being aware of it. Think of all those who make decisions lightly, without knowing where they will lead them. Think of all those who seal their eternal doom with a carefree heart, like blind men heading for a precipice. Won't you do anything for them?' "

Here the creative process falls afoul of inner truth. No prisoner would have spoken to other prisoners this way because they did not think or feel this way. No prisoner would have paid attention to such well-reasoned arguments. The truth is that to tell about the horrors of the camp was a very strong motive. Certainly it was for me, for my friends at some moments. But our goal was revenge; to bring the world down on the SS, not to warn people against "making decisions lightly with knowing where they will lead them." Actually, this *is* the lesson of the concentration camp as I tried to show in *The Informed Heart*. But it came typically as an afterthought. This is not how the prisoner experienced it in the camp. The prisoner wanted to scream out against an abomination so that the world would take action against the Nazis. He wanted to tell of the outrages he suffered. He did not care about any lessons to be learned from the camp. In fact they took years for me to learn.

It is exactly hindsight that alone makes one realize the value of human life. That, and the need to guard it by keeping at all times informed about and hence prepared for the unexpected, even the so far unthinkable that suddenly may become reality, so as not to be carried along by the easy confidence of others, or the prevalent mood. But such attitudes and insights came only much later and could never have been reached during the emotional upheaval of imprisonment. Yet here, in this book, they are put in the mouths of prisoners in the hour of their agony. Which changes them from real people who suffer unspeakably from shame, debasement, near starvation and hopelessness into tranquil philosophers of life. In the camps one struggled for survival, one hated and one feared. And one worried little about those on the outside. Were it otherwise, how could one explain parents who separated readily from their children and sent them to the gas chambers so that they might survive for a few days?

In creating his figures, Steiner thus distorts inner reality to create moving fiction, but does not go far enough because he also wants to give us history. So he tries also to stick to what has been recorded – both about events, and the persons who made them happen – which prevents him from creating men of flesh and blood. At one moment he wishes us to experience the person through living speech. But in the next he gives us historical reasons for their talking and acting this way, which instantly destroys the illusion that real events have just taken place. We are again at a comfortable distance. Or again: Steiner repeatedly tells us that the prisoners were broken men, but fails to make us feel it. The reader's task is particularly hard since at the next moment Steiner wishes us to see these same broken men as heroes.

We have no right to be critical of an author for not having lived the nightmare he tries to recreate. But for really making us live the events he neither succeeds as an artist, nor has he the firsthand experience of the inmate which made some books on the camps, and many eyewitness accounts so haunting and deeply disturbing that few wanted to read them. They were written by people who were broken by the knowledge of how they had let themselves be degraded, broken by the knowledge that they had taken part in destroying their brothers in order to live another day of such a life.

This, then, is a historical novel, sticking quite close to the documentary evidence, but nevertheless failing to make history come alive. Which might explain why it was so much more successful in Europe than those eyewitness accounts I refer to, which were not written to "bear witness" to history, but as the testaments of ordinary men.

It was Hannah Arendt's thesis that even Eichmann was an ordinary man to whom history offered a chance to live out his private and perverted daydreams of grandeur. But the historical novelist needs heroes, not ordinary men. Therefore, he rearranges his material, embroiders it, and even invents it, so that heroes may emerge. And to better set off his heroes he creates counter-heroes by calling the SS "Technicians." But these men too – those who caused, and those who abetted the murder of millions – were unfortunately ordinary men. Most (though not all) of the guards were ordinary men, and so were the thousands of Jews who without warning led their fellow Jews to the gas chambers on the run.

The revolt was a heroic event. But moments of heroism occur in the life of many ordinary men. By and large, the winners of our Medal of Honor are essentially ordinary men who, at a critical moment, behaved heroically. But this is not enough to make a historical novel. It needs heroes and heroic deeds, and if the protagonists are not heroic enough, then the ideas they

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suffer for must be great ideas, worthy of heroes.

All this Steiner seeks to achieve. But in trying to make all Jews be heroes, not just those who resisted but those who did not, he succumbs to his basic contradiction. Thus the Jews who walked themselves to the gas chambers were heroic in the sense that they lived up to Jewish ideals of nonviolence and nonresistance; they were heroic in accepting the will of God without question. But at the same time the Jews were heroic because they resisted; heroic in their fighting against overwhelming odds, against an overpowering enemy. I am afraid one cannot have it both ways.

This basic contradiction is posed in the very first chapter without ever being recognized as such. Yet from the very first it nullifies the thesis of the book. On the one hand, Steiner admires and identifies all of Jewry with those Jews who accepted life under ghetto conditions, where "Jews never defended themselves, never revolted. The most pious saw [pogroms] as punishment from God, the others as a natural phenomenon comparable to hail in vineyard country. . . . They had learned one thing: the Gentile is stronger, to resist only fans his anger. . . . This right to lynch was a kind of unwritten law which nobody dreamed of contesting."

At the same time, Steiner admires those who, like his own father, did indeed contest the unwritten law by voting with their feet, leaving the ghetto behind. Later he contrasts the two types of Jews: those who had accepted the laws of the ghetto, and those others who rejected it, either through assimilation or through embracing Zionism or Russian communism. How differently these two reacted he shows by movingly describing how the Jews of Vilna betray the leader of the resistance movement, the communist Wittenberg. Out of fear for their lives, which they should have known by then could not be saved by compliance, these Jews of the ghetto turned Wittenberg over to the Gestapo as commanded.

He also retells the story of the first group of thousands of Jews who were taken from Vilna to their extermination. Among this group was a Jewish officer of the Red Army who had stayed behind at the time of the Russian retreat to organize guerrilla fighters but was caught. As he and the others marched to their death, he told them: "It's now or never." He knew that this was the point of no return, and acted on it by jumping on the nearest guard, grabbing his gun, and shouting to the others to revolt. But all the men bowed their heads and murmured the *Sh'ma Yisroel*. "For if God exists nothing can happen that he has not willed." And one of the few guards who was herding the column of prisoners found no one to oppose him as he shot down the Red Army soldier.

It was only those who had long before broken away from ghetto life and ways, as had this Russian officer, who could decide not to submit passively to the "will of God" but to fight actively for a new life, both long before the German invasion, and after it.

Steiner, having grown up with values close to those of this Russian officer cannot help embracing them, hence his true heroes are those who fight, and die fighting.

All those, in fact, who were active in the Vilna resistance, and most of the key rebels at Treblinka had long ago broken with the ghetto. Kleinman, who had such an important role in the revolt as foreman of the camouflage commando, and who defeated the Germans in the first armed encounter after the break, "had been formed in the hard school of the Hashomer Hatzair, one of the toughest Zionist youth movements."

Djielo, another hero of the revolt, had been "Captain Bloch of the Czech Army." Adolf left home at sixteen, served in the French foreign legion, and returned to Lodz to urge his family to escape to Russia. But he could not convince his father to flee, so he stayed to organize a resistance movement and was eventually caught.

Meir Berliner, the only Jew in this story who single-handedly killed an SS inside the camp left Warsaw and his family at the age of thirteen, making his way to Argentina. He was caught in the Warsaw ghetto to which he had traveled in search of his parents. He killed an SS guard with a ritual knife after he had seen him beat his father, and seen both his parents taken to the gas chambers.

It was also an assimilated Jew, a former reserve officer who, when asked to serve as Jewish commander of the camp by the SS, refused, saying he would rather commit suicide than be a slave driver for the Nazis. For his refusal he was instantly killed. So was Berliner, and all others who resisted individually. But so were all the Jews, once caught by the Nazi machine. Successful resistance would have required the Jews to rise in large masses, and at once, before deportation. This Steiner knows since he has his main hero say that if all "the three million Polish Jews would have revolted . . . it wouldn't have taken a few thousand men to beat us, but the whole Wehrmacht . . . Then look at *us!* Not only do the Jews let themselves be killed without a gesture of revolt, but they even help their killers with their work of extermination."

Nobody could have posed the problem better. But it remains unsolved, unless we assume a ghetto mentality

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that made such a mass revolt by Eastern Jewry impossible. Only those resisted who had broken with the ghettos, like these youngsters of the Hashomer Hatzair and those others of Poale Zion, the Bund, and the communists, who together formed the armed resistance movement. And even they, as their spokesman put it, were still in Poland only by accident, as was Meir Berliner, the Argentine citizen caught in Warsaw. As Steiner quotes one Zionist caught in Vilna: "Our whole life is turned toward the land of Israel; it is only an accident that we still are in exile. European Judaism is undergoing a catastrophe at this time, but we broke with it the day we joined the movement." But Steiner wants us to believe that the revolt at Treblinka was that of a whole people, not just of a few courageous and desperate men. He does this by insisting that they were all alike:

> "Adolf is a hero beyond compare. So is Choken, so is Galewski, so are all the members of the committee. All the unit leaders. . . . So is Markus and all those who took part in the revolt . . . but there is no essential difference between them and the mass of the prisoners. Like the rest they allowed themselves to be led to slaughter, like the rest they became the accomplices of extermination. Their virtues and their defects are Jewish virtues and Jewish defects."

Thus the task he has set himself is to save the honor of those who "like sheep" walked to their execution, heads bowed so as not to see what went on, beseeching God for help instead of fighting for their lives. They, too, must be heroes. And both have to be heroes because both are Jewish. "The revolt like the extermination was a collective phenomenon. A whole people was rising up because it had the sense of a mission to fulfill." Thus a people that walked to the slaughterhouse is changed into one that rose up to meet a historical mission.

Simone de Beauvoir begins her introduction: "Why did the Jews allow themselves to be led to the slaughterhouse like sheep? the young Sabras of Israel asked each other indignantly at the time of the Eichmann trial." But "must we," she asks rhetorically, "evoke a 'ghetto mentality,' an atavism of resignation, the mystery of the Jewish soul, or other nonsense? Steiner's book puts this cheap psychology in its place by describing how things happened." Now it is not an easy task to interpret utter defeat as the greatest of victories. But Steiner comes close to bringing it off through evoking precisely that ghetto mentality or Jewish mystique:

> "After a night of agony, in the first glimmer of dawn that heralded . . . the new victory of light over darkness, once again the Jews began to believe in the miracle [of survival]. There is a mystery here whose explanation can be found only in another and greater mystery, which is the survival of the Jewish people. Reason can enumerate a certain number of causes for this phenomenon – devotion to a faith, sense of solidarity, familial fanaticism, etc. – but other nations in which these same conditions applied have disappeared, at best leaving only few fragments of stone. Heirs of this age-old mystery, the Jews of Treblinka revived it once again."

And what is this mystery? It is in "this individual denial of death, this congenital inability to imagine it that one can find the underlying cause of this miracle of survival. The Jew, more than another man realizes himself within the national community; as a Jew he can exist only insofar as he belongs to it. If the individual Jew remains mortal in spite of himself, his will to deny death renders the community immortal." Thus does the mystery of Jewish survival explain and justify Jewish resignation in the face of persecution which then becomes the greatest affirmation of a fight for life.

Here the author even adduces a unique genetic endowment for Jews, that makes them "congenitally" unable to accept the idea of death, though mankind in general finds the idea just as difficult to accept. Actually, Jews behaved no differently from Gentiles, once imprisoned in the camps: some committed suicide, some gave up, a few were heroes, most experienced the agony of the camps every night, and each morning believed he would survive the day.

If Simone de Beauvoir says that "in the concentration camp all men behaved identically," this can be only explained by the fact that fortunately she never had to spend any time in a concentration camp. The most astonishing experience of the concentration camp prisoner was the tremendous variety of behavior to be found among the prisoners in the camp, from utter submission to utter rebellion, however rare was the latter extreme. There were those who were the prisoner's worst enemy, and those who were their saviors, Jews and Gentile alike. Because Steiner speaks only of Treblinka, he can claim that the prisoner behavior was specifically Jewish.

Since I do not believe in the honor of a people, but only of individual man, I do not feel compelled to save Jewish honor, or Polish honor, or the honor of the gypsies, to name only some of the groups who were also exterminated in large numbers in the camps. But in the older concentration

distinctive

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camps where Jews and Germans could at one time be found in equal number, it was quite obvious that Jew and German alike reacted as a prisoner, reacted largely, firstly, in terms of the person he was, secondly, in response to how horrible the day had been for him personally, and for the camp in general. Except for those who had lost the will to live, Jew and German alike wanted desperately to survive. Both wanted to be able to get out and scream aloud the outrage so that the Nazis would be destroyed – not as Steiner claims for the Jewish prisoners, because they wanted to bear witness to history. In defense of man I must say that when the chips are down, and one's life is at stake, very few are so histrionically inclined that they want to bear witness to history or to prove something about their nation – though many want to die still respecting themselves if that is possible. And here again there was no difference between German and Jew.

It is not as simple as Steiner and even Hilberg want to have it, when they use Jewish history to explain the ghetto Jew's failure to grasp what went on in the twentieth century. Hilberg writes:

> "Much has been said and much has been written about the *Judenraete*, the informers, the Jewish police, the kapos – in short, all those persons who deliberately and as a matter of policy cooperated with the Germans. But these collaborators do not interest us so much as the masses of Jews who reacted to every German order by complying with it automatically. To understand the administrative significance of this compliance, we have to see the destruction process as a composite of two kinds of German measures; those which perpetrated something upon the Jews . . . [such as] shooting, or gassing, and those which required the Jews to do something, for instance, the decrees or orders requiring them to register their property . . . report at a designated place for labor or deportation or shooting, submit lists of persons . . . deliver up property . . . dig their own graves, and so on. The successful execution of these latter measures depended on action by the Jews. Only when one realizes how large a part of the destruction process consisted of a fulfillment of these measures can one begin to appraise the role of the Jews in their own destruction.
>
> "If, therefore, we look at the whole Jewish reaction pattern, we notice that in its salient features it is an attempt to avert action and, failing that, automatic compliance with orders. Why is this so? Why did the Jews act in this way?"

Like Steiner, Hilberg explains it as due to their . . .

> "two-thousand-year-old experience . . . over a period of centuries the Jews had learned that in order to survive they had to refrain from resistance. . . . The Jews had never really been annihilated. After surveying the damage, the survivors had always proclaimed in affirmation of their strategy the triumphant slogan, 'the Jewish people lives.' This experience was so ingrained in the Jewish consciousness as to achieve the force of law."

Essentially this is also Steiner's thesis. Only Hilberg, the historian, knows it was given the lie by Hitler since the ghetto Jewish communities were entirely exterminated.

Maybe the Indians of Peru can also claim that the Inca people live and that no Pizzaro could exterminate them. There, too, a few hundred well-armed professional soldiers destroyed an extremely tradition-bound, unwarlike people of millions. There, too, we know that if the millions had rushed the few, the outcome could not have been in doubt. There too, it was the Inca social and religious organization which – when confronted with modern sixteenth century technology and its superior European warfare – kept them from meeting their aggressors aggressively and led to the utter destruction of a people. Though the Peruvian Indian survived, the Inca people with their unique culture are dead. And though Israel is alive, the Jewish ghetto people – with their unique religion and culture that had survived intact since the middle ages – was murdered.

I have rejected Steiner's notion of a "congenital inability" to imagine one's death. But while acquired characteristics cannot be inherited, natural selection through outbreeding and inbreeding can indeed change the original characteristics of a group. If, for several generations all aggressive members of a species are eliminated and only the meek remain to mate with each other, then within a few generations the behavioral traits of the remnant that stayed behind may indeed be very different from that of the original unselected group.

Up to modern times those who left Jewry were few in number. Now and again a Josephus Flavius, one of the most belligerent, activist Jewish leaders, and a superior intellect, left Jewry; or a Spinoza who could not function within the orbit of a constrictive Jewish faith. But since Napoleonic days, which was well over a hundred years before the holocaust, or more than three generations ago, emigration from the ghettos was wholly possible. And since the middle of the last century, ever larger numbers left the ghetto in a movement that gained momentum with each decade. By the turn of the century, and again during and after World War I, their number swelled into the millions. And the leaving of a couple of millions, out of a population of some six million – this loss of its active third must indeed make a difference.

By the nineteenth century or perhaps even earlier, but particularly since the start of this century, Eastern ghettos had become an anachronism. After World War I, Buber collected the stories of the Hasidim, very much as anthro-

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pologists collect the stories of some primitive people before it becomes too late; because they are either dying out or are dropping their native ways to become Westernized. Long before Chagall became famous for his paintings of nostalgic scenes in the ghetto, or a *Fiddler on the Roof* became successful as a musical of nostalgic appeal, Sholom Aleichem, Bashevis Singer and many others had been writing with nostalgia of a quaint and faraway life in the ghetto. In each case it was a way of life the artist had broken with and could no longer live, though he lovingly described it. But Chagall, before he could paint his moving ghetto scenes, had to become assimilated; first in Munich, then in Paris. And his odyssey is typical for the ghetto-born of independent spirit.

For about three generations, all took leave of the ghettos who were no longer willing to submit to conditions below a minimum supporting self respect in the modern world. So did all those who wanted to become part of this modern new world, and all those who wanted to fight for freedom, their own and that of others. Many of these joined or even became leaders of socialism and communism, both in Russia and the West, and of course of Zionism.

For as long as escape to the surrounding world was extremely difficult, those who were impatient with ghetto ways were nevertheless stuck there and forced through some reforms to match the changing times. The last of these inner reforms were those of the Hasidic movement around 1750. Thereafter it was precisely the fact that the surrounding society became open to Jews that froze Eastern Jewry in the ghetto position. From then on, they remained fixed in their antiquated, nonfunctional traditions. Religious doctrine regulated the minutest aspects of daily living, and even small adaptations to change were most difficult to make. It was not just their religious life that no longer evolved. Their entire outlook, even to matters of dress, education and language remained near-medieval. It was this triple tyranny that forced so many into leaving – that of the pogrom-minded Gentile world, of governmental discrimination (political, economic and social), and their own private tyranny of a suffocating religious tradition.

It is hard to assess what it does to a people when for three generations all its most active members, all those committed to fighting for freedom, leave the group; when only those remain behind who lack the courage or imagination to conceive of any other way of life. In a recent book on *The Creative Elite in America*, Weyl presents startling findings on the relative dominance of the Jewish group. In a composite index of rank, Jews lead with thirty-nine and a half points out of a total possible score of a hundred and thirty-seven and a half. They are followed by Scots with twenty-eight, Welsh with sixteen, Dutch with fifteen and a half, and English with nine and a half points. I do not believe in an inherent genetic superiority of the Jews in general. Still, these figures bring one up short until one begins to consider that it was only the most active and able who left the ghettos. This Jewish elite which shows up so well in American cultural life had for a century been lost to the Jewish communities of Eastern Europe.

It was a totally assimilated Viennese Jew, Herzl, who, after he had at first advocated total assimilation, including baptism, then began the movement for a Jewish homeland in which a modern Jewish nation could be born. Israel lives because long before the holocaust the active elements of ancient Jewry had broken with a medieval culture to create a new and entirely different nation. Ghetto religion had no place in it, save as a small anachronistic minority, suffered there out of nostalgia and sentiment.

Nothing can better illustrate the difference in the mentality of Eastern and Western Jewry than that under Hitler about 350,000 Jews fled Germany, Austria and Czechoslovakia, that tens of thousands fled in 1940 from Belgium and Paris, that the majority of Jews in communist Russia fled or were evacuated when the Germans invaded. But in Poland, though there was an unguarded escape route through the Pripet Marshes, only a few thousand Jews availed themselves of this opportunity. Some activists were perchance caught, and a number of them became leaders of the resistance in the ghettos. But in the main ghetto Jews looked upon flight with a sense of futility. They had long since lost the active leadership that a victimized population needs for staging any successful resistance or revolt.

It is exactly the absence of this activist element, and the many hundreds of years of "compliance" that explains ghetto mentality, and not any racial inheritance of the Jews. In some dim fashion the Nazis, who were at first shocked by the compliance of Jews in

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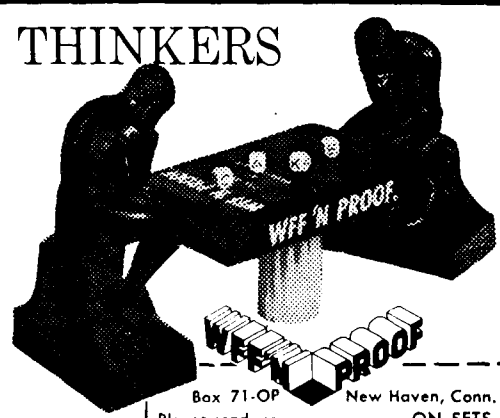

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their own destruction, later took account of this fact. In his dinner conversation on April 2, 1942, Hitler remarked of them that: "One must not have mercy with people who are destined by fate to perish."

It may (and has) come to pass that a people will die out. But it is never the destiny of a people to be murdered, be they Incas or Indians or Jews.

I doubt that this book will find acceptance in Israel. In France it aroused a great deal of controversy, and Steiner was even accused of anti-Semitism. In the last analysis his position is equidistant from that of the ghetto nation that was murdered, and the new nation of Israel, though emotionally he sides with Israel, much as he tries to salvage the "honor" of his ghetto forbears. This makes his position that of an intermediary between Jews who cannot quite relinquish their nostalgic attachment to a nation that no longer exists, nor accept that the new nation is Israel. This intermediary Jew – who, I am convinced will pass away, either by becoming a citizen of Israel, or by assimilation through intermarriage – is, as Sartre recognized, a Jew only because others define him so.

Or, as Steiner puts it when describing one of the most courageous leaders of the resistance and revolt, the assimilated Djielo: "He was Jewish because his code of values forbade him to deny his identity, but it would take only the death of the last anti-Semite for him to cease being Jewish. A fine attitude full of nobility, but so un-Jewish!"

To be Jewish, then, is to be like Kurland, the prisoner who is convinced that "Individual destinies do not concern us. This revolt is . . . to be an event of historic importance. It must appear the symbol of the destiny of the Jewish people, whom no earthly power has ever been able to defeat. This revolt must . . . throw new light on our martyrdom." To the ghetto Jew individual destiny counts for nothing. So it really doesn't matter how many millions get killed, or by whom. All that counts is that martyrdom which is a symbol of the destiny of the Jewish people.

If one is convinced that no earthly power can vanquish the Jews, then there is little point in fighting for survival since it is automatically assured. If the highest goal is to "throw new light on our martyrdom" one has already parted with life and can easily be murdered.

In another context I pointed out that to survive required a clear understanding of what was going on and a well-planned resistance before it was too late to act, before the point of no return had been reached. For this reason I objected to the *Diary of Anne Frank* – not for itself but for the reception it received as a glorification of helpless passivity.

Why, then, do I object to *Treblinka*, which glorifies revolt? I object because it glorifies a revolt that comes too late and because in the same breath it continues to glorify a submission that stands in the way of revolt. But perhaps therein lies a hopeful note. Going beyond *Anne Frank*, it no longer glorifies passivity alone, but venerates both. If the ghetto Jew is dead, and the Israeli Jew is born to resistance, what remains of world Jewry (as perhaps symbolized in this book) now stands at midstream. These Jews who are neither ghetto Jews, nor Israelis, are in between, nowhere truly at home. They, like the author, are inwardly torn. In a way this book is the last agonized gasp of the interim Jew – the Jew who is not yet a Sabra, but who admires them more than his forbears. Since he still has too much of the latter in him he distorts history to swear they are one and the same. But they are not.

It was a blessing that the most vital segment of this people had prepared for the birth of a new and different nation of Israel. But that Israel is very much alive does not alter the fact that the Jewish people of the ghetto were exterminated by Hitler. *Requiescant in pace.*

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During the summer months, The New Republic will not appear on:

July 29

August 12 *August 26*

Weekly publication will be resumed with the issue dated September 2

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The Fifth Ace

Poems by Andrei Voznesensky

A two-word telegram from Moscow – "CAN'T COME" – cancelled Mr. Voznesensky's scheduled appearance June 21 at the Lincoln Center's Summer Festival. Reports reaching The New York Times *attributed the cancellation to "conservatives" in the Soviet Writers Union* – THE EDITORS

This group of poems has just recently appeared in Russia in a collection of Voznesensky's work, *An Achilles Heart*, which has had 500,000 advance subscribers. Nearly all the poems in this cycle are concerned with the artist's historical calling as prophet, rebel, witness and martyr. The 33-year-old Voznesensky often speaks of the role of the poet as prophet, and of his responsibility to the vast audiences he commands in Russia. In an interview given in Paris he said, "The poet is two people. One is an insignificant person, leading the most insignificant of lives. But behind him, like an echo, is the other person who writes poetry. Sometimes the two coexist. Sometimes they collide; this is why certain poets have had tragic ends. Often the real man has no idea what path or action the other will take. That other man is the prophet who is in every poet. . . . When a man writes he feels his prophetic mission in the world. The task of the Russian poet today is to look deep inside man. When I read my poetry to a great number of people, their emotional, almost sensual expression of feeling, seems to me to reveal the soul of man – now no longer hidden behind closed shutters, but wide open like a woman who has just been kissed."

These poems were translated by Stanley Kunitz in collaboration with Mrs. Vera Dunham, professor of Russian literature at Wayne State University. They will appear in a bilingual edition of Voznesensky's poetry, *"Antiworlds and The Fifth Ace,"* edited by Max Hayward and me, to be published in August by Basic Books, and Doubleday-Anchor.

PATRICIA BLAKE

To Bela Akhmadulina

We are many. Four, perhaps, altogether,
spinning along in our car devil-may-care
The girl at the wheel flaunts her orange hair,
the sleeves of her jacket yanked up to the elbow.

Ah, Bela, though your driving leaves me limp,
you look angelic, out of this world;
your marvelous porcelain profile
glows like a white lamp.

In hell they bang their frying pans
and send their scouts up to the gate to watch,
when you, as the speedometer runs wild,
lift both hands off the wheel to strike a match.

How I love it, when stepping on the gas
in your transparent tones you say,
"What a mess!
they've taken my license away . . .

"I swear they got me wrong!
You'd think I was a reckless driver!
Why! I was just poking along . . ."

Forget it, Bela. To argue with a cop,
you know, is a losing proposition.
He can't appreciate your lyric speed –
it's past the power of his transmission.

A poet owes it to himself
not to be trapped in miles-per-hour;
let him resound at the speed of light
like angels choiring in the stratosphere.

No matter, taking light-years as our measure,
if we should vanish like a radiant star,
with not a creature left behind to earn the prize.
We were the first to crack the sound-barrier.

Step on it, Bela, heavenly friend!
Who cares if we're smashed to bits in the end?
Long live the speed of poetry,
the most lethal of all speeds!

What if the maps ahead are enigmatical?
We are only a few. Four, perhaps, altogether;
hurtling along – and you are a Goddess!
That makes a majority, after all.

1964

Lament for Two Unborn Poems

Amen.
I have killed a poem. Killed it, unborn. To hell with it!
We bury.
We bury poems.
We bury. Come see.

On the black Universe like poisoned lovers
the poems lie,
or like an ivory pair of opera glasses,
two half-lives locked together –

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my two most lyric
poems!

You people,
you dumb creatures,
ponds, where they were conceived,
in Ostankino,[1]

rise!
You, nocturnal linden trees,
like the calligraphy of a hand outstretched for the palmist,
rise,
roads killed by grief,
erupt from the asphalt,
rise above the metropolis
like hair standing on end.

Open, you coffins,
like the jackknife of a giant,
rise, you –
Cervantes, Pasternak, Bramante,
you who would have loved them, though they are dust now,
rise,

And you, Comrade Gamzatov,[2] Presidium member
of the Supreme Soviet,

rise –
the irreversible condition
is that poems have died, passed beyond reach,
more important than a speech
by an official rhetorician –

rise.
Their death is our judgment. It is we who are tried.
Rise.
Oh, you who wanted your son's road straight and true,
rise, mother.

Rise, you in Siberia,
in Paris, in provincial towns,
we have killed so much
within,
without giving birth,

rise;
Landau, you who died in a cross-eyed labworker,
rise,
Copernicus, you who died in a gallant Landau,[3]
rise;
you, slut in a jazz-band, what remains
of the schoolgirl ribbons in your hair?
you daring boys turned into heroes, meaning anti-heroes,
rise,
(I do not refer to the castrates or suicides,
those who squandered
their holy grains),
rise.

Poems have died. My good friends cannot wait to cry
"Eternal Memory!"[4]
Minister of State, you dreamed of sailing the Atlantic
as a cabin boy?

Eternal memory . . .
Thunderous Livanov,[5] what of your unplayed Hamlet?
Eternal memory . . .
Granny, where is your prince? You can take your virginit
and frame it
Eternal memory . . .
Green thought, rise like a flame.
Eternal memory . . .
Poor dream and hope, have you joined the beggars on th
church steps?
Eternal memory! . . .

Amen.

A minute of silence. A minute – like years.
We lost ourselves through silence – we waited for fai
weather.
If you hold your tongue today, nothing will be righ
tomorrow.

Eternal memory.

And to our memory, which shall have vanished like the
mammoth,
eternal memory.

Amen.

To him who bore the fire
in a time of persecution,

Eternal glory!
Eternal glory!

1965

Self-Portrait

Skinny as a stick. His mug bristles.
Three days and nights my cot bore his weight.
A cast-iron shadow hugs the wall.
The puffed lips smoke, catch fire.

"Dear Russian Poesy," he croaks, "how d'you do!
Would you prefer a knife, or a .22?
Aren't you a genius? Then let the tumult pass,
Or play the cynic and recant.
Why not lick the front page of the Gazette
and in a wink
Roll your own confession like a cigarette?"

Why does he embrace you in front of me?
Why does he try on my scarf?
Why does he squint from behind my butt?
Hands off!
S.O.S.

1963

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Note to E. Yanitskaya, Formerly Typist to Mayakovsky

Mayakovsky never paid you off.
I am honoring his debt.
Excuse him for not having lived long enough.

The sense of my life
is to pay for Lermontov, Lorca,
an everlasting debt.

Payable in blood
the terrible charges mount.

Father, forefathers, we have you to thank.
Wheel of the epoch, keep on turning . . .
But who will pay for me,
who will close the account?

963

Lieutenant Zagorin

I am in Lvov. Called up for reserve duty
among red treetops, ornate cathedrals.
There Lieutenant Zagorin, Andrei Zagorin,
crossed my path.

(How strange . . . Same name as mine: Andrei Andreyevich. Same year of birth: 1933. Same height: 5'8". Same boots: size 10. He gave me his tunic: a perfect fit, like the bark of a poplar. Suddenly over my head the life and destiny of another person began to murmur, as treetops murmur . . . "How strange," I thought . . .)

Night.
Mixing Marx with Avicenna,
whisky with wine, Steeltown with the moon,
officers
talk about Russia.

My Zagorin has green eyes!
Like torches beckoning to the brink,
from his gypsy face
leaped the zealot fires
of a Decembrist or a monk.

Perhaps Lermontov and Pestel[1] sat
just as you are sitting, Lieutenant.
The sense of Russia
shuts the giftless out.
Tukhachevsky[2] placed his bet on talent.

If somebody blocked the light
you drilled a bullet through his skull
and used the passage
for a view
of freedom,
as a soldier squints
through a peep-hole.

But you too were overcome, dragged down,
your pincer-legs clamped to your falling horse.
"Oh, Cornet, your trumps are gone, the game is lost."
"I play with the heart," he said. "That's my fifth ace."
Ardent officers!
The heart is your unbeatable card in the thick
of battle, the heart closes breaches,
is what in agony collapses
at a pin-prick.

We went out on the balcony.
Lvov throbbed below.
He told me his history. Every officer
has a history. His plot
concerned a woman and a lift.[3]
"How strange," I thought.

1965

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Notes on the Poems

LAMENT FOR TWO UNBORN POEMS

[1] Ostankino is a park on the outskirts of Moscow.
[2] Rasul Gamzatov is a poet from Daghestan, in the Caucasus, who has been, as the poem says, a Presidium member of the Supreme Soviet.
[3] Lev Landau is a famous Soviet physicist.
[4] "Eternal Memory" is said in the Russian Orthodox funeral service.
[5] Boris Livanov is a well-known actor of the Moscow Art Theatre who wished to play Hamlet, but, so the story goes, was prevented from doing so by Stalin personally.

SELF PORTRAIT

In 1963, when this poem was written, Voznesensky, together with many other leading Soviet poets and writers, was under strong pressure from Khrushchev to make a public confesson of "error."

LIEUTENANT ZAGORIN

[1] Pavel Pestel (1793-1826) was a leader of the Decembrist movement, composed largely of officers, which unsuccessfully attempted a coup against Tsar Nicholas I in 1825.
[2] Marshal Mikhail Tukhachevsky (1893-1937) was a leading military figure who was executed, together with other Red Army leaders, by Stalin. After Stalin's death, he was cleared of false charges of conspiracy.
[3] "A woman and a lift": the subject of a Voznesensky poem, "Sketch for A Poem."

•

Two further poems from *The Fifth Ace* will appear in the July 8 issue of this journal

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Correspondence

Success Insurance

Sirs:

In his discussion of the Office of Economic Opportunity's attempts to involve business more deeply in the poverty program (June 17), Edward Shanahan took up, among other things, OEO's proposed Success Insurance Program. Laboring to give the impression that the major objective of this program is to obtain the political support of business, he described it in terms calculated to imply vagueness of concept. He stated that in my description at a press conference, I "finally conceded that the specifications still had to be ironed out."

Actually, however, the description of Success Insurance – a plan to increase private industry training of the poor by guaranteeing reimbursement of training costs for those trainees who leave before their own productivity has justified the cost – was specified pretty carefully. As is ordinary with OEO demonstration programs, further specification comes as we put actual programs into being.

More important is Mr. Shanahan's quotation from an unnamed observer who said "the whole thing sounds like a government project to protect business against the risk of having a social conscience." I find this statement very intriguing. By and large, American business, or at least substantial components of American business, have been socially conscious and have made voluntary contributions to the war on poverty and other social programs.

But social consciousness is an auxiliary activity for business and production for profit is the primary objective – an objective which makes our economy go. This economy has been going along pretty well, but by itself and unaided it has not solved the problem of poverty in the United States. If we are interested in programs capable of getting really large-scale business involvement in activities such as training the poor (and this may well be the only way to get such activities under way), then adjustment of incentives to make the profit motive work for us can be very effective. A niggling debate over whether business profits are somehow immoral and whether a truly moral poverty program would depend on the social conscience of business seems to me to be pretty irrelevant. The crucial moral issue is the existence of poverty itself, and within wide limits, any program which promises effectiveness in cutting into poverty should be considered a highly moral one. This is our hope for Success Insurance.

Robert A. Levine
Assistant Director for Research, Plans, Programs, and Evaluation
Office of Economic Opportunity

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Buttons

Sirs:

As a follow-up on your button note of June 10 ("The Hippie Business") may I point out that when a Washington book shop attempted to place a display ad showing buttons it has for sale in the three major Washington daily newspapers each paper requested deletions. The *Washington Post, Daily News* and *Star* all objected to "God is Alive in the White House," "Shakespeare Eats Bacon," and "Veni, Vidi, Wiwi." The *Post* and *Star* insisted on deletions from "Rostow Turns On on Napalm," "Dodd is Dead." The *Post* and *News* refused to print "Millard Fillmore Was a Dirty Commie Rat" as well as "Chaste Makes Waste." The *News* was the only one of the three papers to take offense at " 'War Means Jobs' – George Meany," "J. Edgar Hoover Sleeps With a Night Light,' and "Warning: Pornographic Materia Can Make You Pregnant." The *Pos* alone disliked "Mary Poppins is Junkie," "War is Good Business, Inves Your Son"; "Snoopy Sniffs Airplan Glue"; "Support Peace Or I'll Kil You"; "Love Thy Neighbor, But Don' Get Caught"; "Draft Girls"; "Suppor Group Therapy, Come to My Orgy" "Black Power"; "White Power;" "Student Power"; "I Hate All People, Regardless of Race, Creed or Color", "We Shall Overkill."

In each case the papers ran the ac but with their idiosyncratic deletions. No phrase was completely omitted, merely the words found specifically objectionable. Thus buttons were lef saying "..... Makes Waste;" "..... Girls"; "..... is Dead"; "..... Sleeps With a Night Light."

John Whitley
Chevy Chase, Md.

Computers as Teachers

Sirs:

The two major defects in the Westinghouse computer classroom ("Fifteen Little Indians" June 17) are not political or economic, large as these defects are. The first, that children need people more than machines is self-evident. Less obvious is the fact that a computer is such a primitive teaching device. If the machinery behind it is complex and sophisticated, the pedagogy it provides is completely one-dimensional and unsophisticated.

The touch-sensitive computer is, after all, nothing more than a glorified workbook full of multiple choice questions. It is programmed, but so are some very amusing programmed workbooks already on the market. A child doesn't need a machine to check his answers for him, when the answers are hiding under a sliding card in the margin.

These non-computerized workbooks, being in the tradition of linear programming, don't, as the computers do, go back and "refresh the child's memory" when he makes a mistake. If he isn't already getting the hang of things, more of the same is going to make things worse. There is supposed to be a teacher around who can circumvent his problems with a change of tactics. She

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can't dial a data bank to tell her how he is doing, but she can use methods that are more effective – and more sophisticated – than multiple choice questions.

Of course there is a place for multiple choice and programmed instruction. (As a taxpayer, I vote for the little paper workbooks with cardboard covers; the necessity for Westinghouse to come $2 million closer to IBM doesn't touch my heart.) Programmed reading is excellent practice (and it is also excellent busy-work). But a child can't handle multiple choice questions well unless he is a natural reader or he has had some good preparation to start with (the kind one gets from – perish the thought – human teachers), for he must be a good sounder-outer or have a pretty good sight memory, preferably both, before he can handle the look-say or look-and-sound-out kind of instruction that multiple choice teaching presupposes.

What if he is a natural reader? Of course he will do well with a computer. He will do well by any reasonably systematic method, provided that there are some good racy stories lying around that he'd like to be able to read. There isn't much point in buying million dollar computers to do what can be done with cardboard workbooks; it would be better to endow the libraries.

What if he isn't a natural reader? Or if he comes from a non-verbal background, has none of the clear speech and well-practiced vocabulary that make for good sounder-outers and wide readers? Does the computer provide speech and ear training, lip reading, and phonics games when the ear is too confused or the speech too imperfect for sounding out the words on the touch-sensitive screen? Does the computer provide sandpaper or pipecleaner letters and a hand to guide when he needs to learn kinesthetically, to feel the shape and flow of the letters when the eye is confused? Does it provide a chance to manipulate pictures and letters to strengthen weak associations and a chance to build words from solid touchable parts to help sort out the muddle of letters and sounds? Does it provide some sort of code or gimmick or special alphabet to get through the mess of English nonphonetic words? Does it help him put sounds together and listen to him read a story out loud?

Is the computer really worth its weight when there are so many things it can't do? It is good basic teaching for the natural reader who would learn well by any method, but for the not-quite-so-natural reader it is good instruction only after the real teaching has been done by that inexpensive contraption known as a teacher. Her materials are not as complicated as the touch-sensitive computer (they are usually made of cardboard and paper, the way books are), but her methods, we hope, are a lot more complicated. If they are not, we are back where we started, except that we have $2 million to give to Head Start nurseries, where much of the best pre-reading speech training is accomplished – indirectly – at the most receptive age. Whether Westinghouse survives is another matter.

Ann C. Turner
Upper Montclair, N. J.

Notes on Contributors

Bruno Bettelheim, *Rowley Professor of Education at the University of Chicago, is the author of* The Informed Heart *and other works about the Nazi period.* Louis Coxe *has written several books of poetry and is co-author of the stage version of* Billy Budd. Stanley Kunitz, *translator of the Voznesensky poems, received the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1959.*

The Israeli Victory

Sirs:

Several things must be said in rebuttal to the frenetic editorial, "The Israeli Victory," in the June 17 *New Republic.*

The editorial assumes the very domino theory which the *NR* has so rightly denounced in its interpretation of the Vietnamese war. Communism is assumed to be a great, solid bloc subject to "the laws governing totalitarian movements." (Shades of John Birch!) Had the Arabs won, all sorts of dire things would have happened around the world. Inevitably! The Soviet Union would have been wafted to a crest of an invincible wave. The Arab world would have been ruled by Russia. A new and more terrible hard line would have reappeared in the Kremlin. The

Smoke BOOKS

By JEROME AGEL

Editor-Publisher of a Monthly Mind-Expander

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United States would have been forced to withdraw into "Fortress America" or else face the probability of "an atomic confrontation" – whatever in God's name that means.

I cannot use a popular combination of two four-letter words frequently heard here in the South. The delicacy of print forbids it. But I can say, "Rubbish, *New Republic!* Rubbish!" And now what are you going to say the next time some pious expert on world affairs pulls the domino theory on you with regard to Southeast Asia? I think you'll be caught with your moral drawers around your journalistic knees.

You expect marvelous potential good to stream from this cornucopia of victory. Again I say, "Rubbish!" More likely is a rumbling, cacaphonous volcano of super militarism. I have heard it growling already hereabouts. If Dayan can do it so easily in Sinai, why doesn't Westmoreland do it in Vietnam? Obvious answers: Communists in the State Department, Communists in the Pentagon, Communists in the White House. Or else another and more frightening set of assumptions will arise. The Russians didn't come to the aid of the Arabs. Ergo, the Russians won't really come to the aid of anybody if we decide (all in the name of humanitarian, God-fearing democracy, of course) to obliterate the population centers of North Vietnam and China.

But what galled me most about the editorial was its rapturous gloating over the Israeli victory. Granted, Gamal Abdel Nasser brought it on himself. So did the venomous leaders of the Syrian government. So in fact have all the Arab leaders who have concentrated on hatred of Israel rather than solving the oceanic problems of their own lands. Natural for all of us, I suppose, to make this swift little war a game which our side won.

But the fact remains that thousands on thousands of Arabs were massacred by Israeli forces, not to mention thirty-three innocent Americans. These dead, even the Arabs, were part of the continent which is humanity. I rather think most of them were "innocent" by the normal standards that determine these things. I rather think also that their families will mourn for them. . . .

I think that ultimately everybody will have lost by this war. The United Nations and its Secretary General have been debased in almost every way. The whole organization suddenly ended up looking like a formless batch of worn out laundry. War, the most barbarous game we play, has been glorified anew as an instrument of national policy The world has become more tense And a great many people have died. . . .

Richard C. Marius
Knoxville, Tenn.

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

moment, and time replaces one urgency with another.

My present reaction to the Greek situation is loathing: of the brutal fact of it, of the world's generally passive acceptance of it, of our administration's ill-concealed pleasure in it (presumably because it is at least anti-communist); of the possibility that in two or eight or twelve years the US, having once more allowed democratically progressive elements to be crushed, will find itself aligned with a reactionary government to crush a consequent communist insurrection. But probably my loathing will fade as other newer outrages come along. The Greek military junta, under (over?) the spineless young king, will become as much a part of the political landscape as Franco and Salazar are, as Batista and Trujillo were for many years. American tourism in Greece will swell again, if indeed it has diminished, and Greek visitors will charm us. (The visitors – the ones *permitted* to leave Greece – will of course explain that we do not really understand what is happening there.) More and more, an attitude like my present one will seem rigid and unrealistic. People like me will grow uncomfortable principally out of a fear of seeming quixotic and self-consciously noble.

So, although I began with sarcasm and anger, what I am asking at last from Mr. Unger is his forbearance: for my present inconsistent attitude to the harshly reactionary Greek government. And I am asking him to let a little time elapse. The Athens Festival will surely continue, conservative and safe. He can try me again in five or six years when I will probably be as supinely tractable as I think he and his associates are now.

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Individuals Against the Crime of Silence

A Declaration **To Our Fellow Citizens Of The United States, To The Peoples Of The World, And To Future Generations:**

1 We are appalled and angered by the conduct of our country in Vietnam.

2 In the name of liberty, we have unleashed the awesome arsenal of the greatest military power in the world upon a small agricultural nation, killing, burning and mutilating its people. In the name of peace, we are creating a desert. In the name of security, we are inviting world conflagration.

3 We, the signers of this declaration, believe this war to be immoral. We believe it to be illegal. We must oppose it.

4 At Nuremberg, after World War II, we tried, convicted and executed men for the crime of OBEYING their government, when that government demanded of them crimes against humanity. Millions more, who were not tried, were still guilty of THE CRIME OF SILENCE.

5 We have a commitment to the laws and principles we carefully forged in the AMERICAN CONSTITUTION, at the NUREMBERG TRIALS, and in the UNITED NATIONS CHARTER. And our own deep democratic traditions and our dedication to the ideal of human decency among men demand that we speak out.

We Therefore **wish to declare our names to the office of the Secretary General of the United Nations, both as permanent witness to our opposition to the war in Vietnam and as a demonstration that the conscience of America is not dead.**

On September 23, 1965, a Memorandum of Law was incorporated in the Congressional Record of the 89th Congress of the United States of America, in which eighty leading American attorneys, after careful analysis of our position and actions in the Vietnam War, came to the conclusion that we are violating the following accords: The Charter of the United Nations, The Geneva Accords of 1954, the United States Constitution.

To Protest – To Object – To Dissent has long been an American tradition. The following are a few among the many who have signed this declaration to be on permanent record.

ABE AJAY
JAMES BALDWIN
(FATHER) J. E. BAMBERGER, M.D., OCSO
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